

NO 25 - NOV.

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢

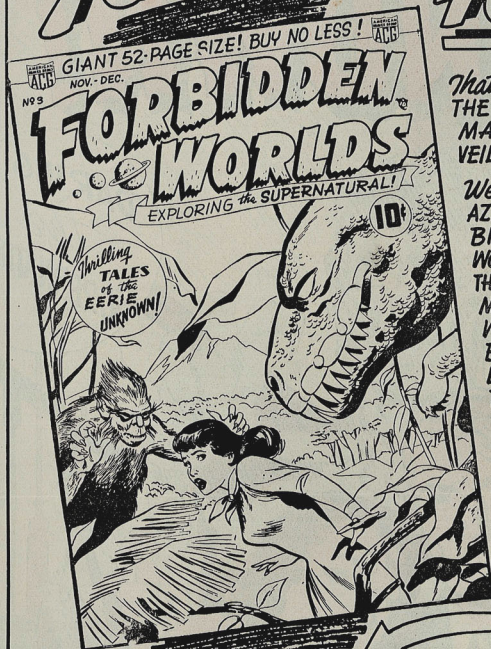
DARING
the
SUPERNATURAL!





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Forbidden...yet **YOURS!**



That's "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"...
THE THRILLING NEW COMICS
MAGAZINE THAT LIFTS THE
VEIL OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE!

We DARE YOU TO READ THIS MAG-
AZINE--TO VENTURE INTO FOR-
BIDDEN WORLDS--UNKNOWN
WORLDS! READ IT--AND WATCH
THE SUPERNATURAL COME ALIVE!
MEET GHOSTS, ZOMBIES, WERE-
WOLVES, VAMPIRES... CHILL TO
BLACK MAGIC FROM BEYOND
LIFE ITSELF...GASP AT STRANGER
THINGS THAN EVER THE MIND
OF MAN CONCEIVED!

It's ALL HERE FOR YOU IN
THE ONE MAGAZINE THAT
DARES TO BE DIFFERENT
...THAT DARES TO TELL
ALL! FOR THE THRILL-TIME
OF A LIFETIME, READ

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

10¢
on all
STANDS

The great new companion to **ADVENTURES** INTO THE **UNKNOWN!**

(The) WERETIGER of ASSAM



YOU PROBABLY KNOW A LOT ABOUT WEREWOLVES, DON'T YOU? BUT HERE, READER, IS A SPINE-CHILLING TALE OF A CREATURE THAT YOU'VE NEVER DREAMED OF EVEN IN YOUR WILDEST NIGHTMARES--**THE WERE-TIGER OF ASSAM!** SO BAR THE DOORS, BOLT THE WINDOWS AND TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW --- AND GET SET FOR THRILLS AND CHILLS!

WERE-TIGERS? YOU MUST BE KIDDING ME, CHIEF! IT'S RIDICULOUS ENOUGH TO BELIEVE THAT WERE-WOLVES EXIST, BUT WERE-TIGERS ... HAH!

SURE, IT'S RIDICULOUS, CLINT --- BUT THOSE TWO MEN I SENT OUT INTO THE NAGA HILLS OF UPPER ASSAM WERE HARD-HEADED ENGINEERS, AND **THEY** CAME BACK BABBLING OF BEING ATTACKED BY WERE-TIGERS--- BY SAVAGE BEASTS THAT ARE **HALF HUMAN AND HALF TIGERS!**

THEY REFUSED TO GO BACK THERE, SAYING THAT THE WERE-TIGERS HAD FORCED HEAD-HUNTING NAGA TRIBESMEN TO KILL ALL STRANGERS ON SIGHT--- APPARENTLY THE SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES ARE TERRIFIED OF THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS THE WERE-TIGERS ARE SUPPOSED TO POSSESS! AND SINCE YOU'RE MY ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER, I'LL HAVE TO RELY ON **YOU** TO CARRY OUT OUR CONTRACT WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA --- TO FIND OUT WHETHER THERE ARE ANY VALUABLE MINERAL RESOURCES IN THE NAGA HILLS!

NAGA HILLS. HERE I COME! AND IF THERE ARE ANY WERE-TIGERS THERE, THEY'D BETTER WATCH OUT!



DAYS
LATER, OVER
THE REMOTE
PROVINCE
OF ASSAM
IN INDIA...

WELL, NOW THAT I'VE BONED UP ON THE NAGA LANGUAGE, LET'S SEE WHAT THIS ATLAS HAS TO SAY ABOUT MY DESTINATION! HMM, THE NAGA TERRITORY IS 33,000 SQUARE MILES OF ALMOST INACCESSIBLE WILDERNESS... AND IT'S INHABITED BY SOME HALF MILLION HEAD-HUNTING NATIVES! I GUESS THIS IS ONE TIME I'D **BETTER** KEEP MY HEAD ON THE JOB!

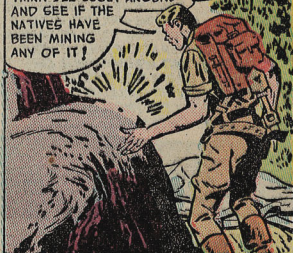


THEN, ABOVE THE NAGA HILLS---

THOSE TWO ENGINEERS THE CHIEF SENT OUT BEFORE HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF USING AN OVERLAND MULE-TRAIN TO REACH THE NAGA HILLS... THE TRIBESMEN MUST HAVE KNOWN DAYS IN ADVANCE THAT THEY WERE COMING, AND COULD HAVE LAID THEIR PLANS TO SURPRISE THEM AND SCARE THEM AWAY! MAYBE **MY** METHOD WILL ENABLE **ME** TO DO THE SURPRISING!



GREAT SCOTT... GNEISSOSE AND CALCAREOUS ROCKS... JUST THE KIND THAT **RUBIES** ARE ALWAYS FOUND IN! AND THERE ARE A COUPLE OF BEAUTIES RIGHT ON THE SURFACE... THESE HILLS MUST BE LITERALLY **LOADED** WITH FABULOUS GEMS! THINK I'LL SCOUT AROUND AND SEE IF THE NATIVES HAVE BEEN MINING ANY OF IT!

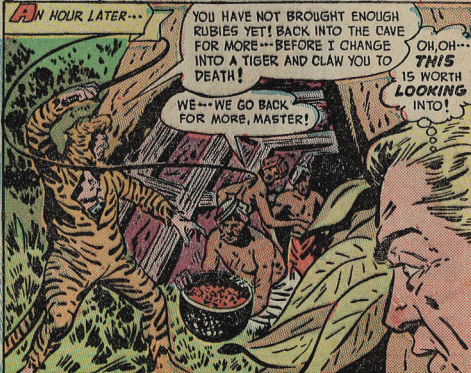


AN HOUR LATER---

YOU HAVE NOT BROUGHT ENOUGH RUBIES YET! BACK INTO THE CAVE FOR MORE... BEFORE I CHANGE INTO A TIGER AND CLAW YOU TO DEATH!

WE... WE GO BACK FOR MORE, MASTER!

OH, OH... **THIS** IS WORTH LOOKING INTO!



BLAST THAT TWIG!

A STRANGER! YOU'LL DIE FOR SNOOPING AROUND HERE, FOOL!

SORRY, BUB... **YOU'RE** THE FOOL FOR THINKING YOU CAN OUTDRAW OR OUTSHOOT **GLINT DESMOND!**

AARGHH!

SO **THIS** IS WHAT THE SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES ARE SO TERRIFIED OF! WELL, IF WEARING A TIGER COSTUME MAKES A MAN THE BOSS AROUND HERE, I GUESS I'LL JUST JOIN THE MASQUERADE PARTY!

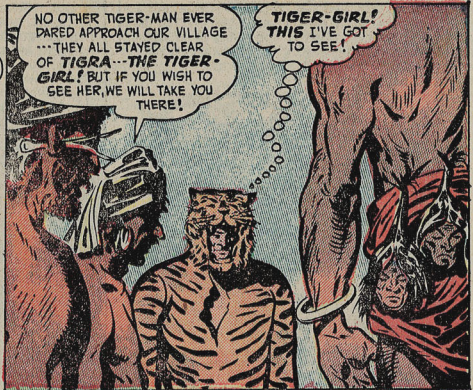




WE...WE HEARD SHOTS, MASTER...WAS IT TO SUMMON US ?

THE TIGER JAWS COVER MOST OF MY FACE...THEY'RE NOT EVEN SUSPICIOUS OF ME! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THESE PONEY WERE-TIGERS...

YES, I SUMMONED YOU TO COME WITH ME TO YOUR VILLAGE!



NO OTHER TIGER-MAN EVER DARED APPROACH OUR VILLAGE ...THEY ALL STAYED CLEAR OF **TIGRA**...**THE TIGER-GIRL!** BUT IF YOU WISH TO SEE HER, WE WILL TAKE YOU THERE!

TIGER-GIRL! THIS I'VE GOT TO SEE!



TIGER-GIRL IN THAT HUT!

IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT EVEN SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES SHOULD FALL FOR THESE PONEY TIGER COSTUMES...UNLESS THEY ACTUALLY SAW A REAL WERE-TIGER AT SOME TIME! IS IT POSSIBLE THAT TIGRA IS REALLY HALF GIRL AND HALF TIGER ?



WHEW...WHAT A RELIEF...IT'S ONLY AN ORDINARY GIRL! BUT SHE'S...**LOVELY!**



SUDDENLY... **OH**H...A...A **TIGER-MAN!**

ZORTAN PROMISED THAT HE WOULD ONE DAY SEND ME A COMPANION...ARE YOU THE ONE ?

SHE AWOKE ALMOST LIKE AN ANIMAL THAT SENSED IT WASN'T ALONE...AND IT'S ODD THE WAY HER EYES GLEAM, ALMOST LIKE A CAT'S! BUT I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF THINK SUCH THOUGHTS...I'D BETTER STRING HER ALONG...

YES, ZORTAN SENT ME TO YOU!



TIGRA IS GLAD YOU'VE COME! I HAVE BEEN SO LONELY... **KISS ME!**

HER MOVEMENTS ARE SO LITHE, SO **CATLIKE!** WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE TO KISS HER ?



MMMM-MM...

HOLY COW... IT...IT SOUNDS AS IF SHE'S **PURRING!**

YOU ARE WONDERFUL--MY LOVE! BUT YOU MUST BE HUNGRY AFTER YOUR TRIP HERE...COME, LET US CHANGE INTO OUR TIGER STATE TO EAT!

I AM HUNGRY, BUT I...ER...I'VE GOTTEN USED TO EATING IN MY MAN STATE! WHERE'S THE FOOD?



OUT HERE...THE NATIVES KILLED IT FOR ME THIS MORNING! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN TEAR YOUR FOOD APART...YOU HAVE NO CLAWS IN YOUR MAN STATE! I ALWAYS HAVE TO CHANGE TO EAT... LIKE THIS...



YIPE! I...I MUST BE SEEING THINGS! SHE'S... BECOME A TIGER!



NO, IT...IT'S REAL...SHE ACTUALLY CHANGED... SHE'S BEGINNING TO CLAW THAT MEAT APART! I... I'D BETTER SIT DOWN UNTIL I RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK!



SHE'S PADDING TOWARD ME...MUST HAVE GOTTEN SUSPICIOUS! I'D BETTER GET MY HAND ON THE GUN INSIDE MY SHIRT!



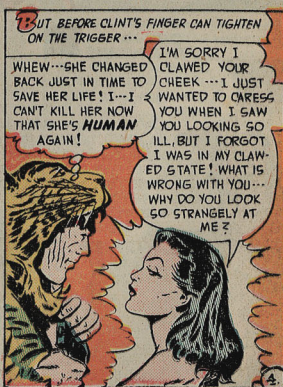
SHE'S RAKING MY CHEEK WITH HER CLAW! I HATE TO DO IT... BUT I'D BETTER SHOOT!



BUT BEFORE CLINT'S FINGER CAN TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGER...

WHEW...SHE CHANGED BACK JUST IN TIME TO SAVE HER LIFE! I...I CAN'T KILL HER NOW THAT SHE'S HUMAN AGAIN!

I'M SORRY I CLAIMED YOUR CHEEK...I JUST WANTED TO CARESS YOU WHEN I SAW YOU LOOKING SO ILL, BUT I FORGOT I WAS IN MY CLAWED STATE! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU... WHY DO YOU LOOK SO STRANGELY AT ME?



NOTHING IS THE MATTER, TIGRA... I'M JUST FATIGUED! I GUESS THE DESCENT BY PARACHUTE TOOK TOO MUCH OUT OF ME... ER, I MEAN...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN... ALTHOUGH I NEVER HEARD THE ROPE CALLED A PARACHUTE BEFORE! I VAGUELY REMEMBER MY DESCENT DOWN THE ROPE AND HOW FRIGHTENING IT WAS... BUT ZORTAN'S DRUGS MADE ME FEEL BETTER! COME, LET US GO TO ZORTAN'S HEADQUARTERS IN SIBSAGAR... HE WILL HELP YOU, TOO!



WHAT IN BLAZES DOES SHE MEAN ABOUT A ROPE? BUT WHATEVER SHE'S BABBLING ABOUT, THIS IS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHO THIS ZORTAN IS!

GOOD! BUT THE SUN IS AT ITS ZENITH... THE NATIVES WILL BE ASSEMBLED ON THE HILL OUTSIDE THE TOWN... IT IS TIME NOW TO OBEY ZORTAN'S INSTRUCTIONS AND MAKE MY DAILY SPEECH TO THE NAGAS!

YES, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, TIGRA... I WILL GO WITH YOU TO SEE ZORTAN!



YOU HAVE ALL SEEN ME CHANGE INTO A TIGRESS... ALL OF YOU KNOW MY DREADFUL POWER! REMEMBER... THE WERE-TIGERS WILL NOT DESTROY THE NAGAS AS LONG AS ALL OF YOU OBEY ZORTAN'S ORDERS TO WORK IN THE RUBY MINES AND SLAY ALL STRANGERS! BUT THOSE WHO DISOBEY WILL DIE BY THE CLAWS OF THE WERE-TIGERS!



NOW, I'M BEGINNING TO GET A GLIMMERING OF THE PLOT! IT LOOKS AS IF THIS ZORTAN IS USING TIGRA TO ESTABLISH A MONOPOLY HERE AND GAIN A FABULOUS FORTUNE IN RUBIES! I'M EVEN MORE ANXIOUS TO MEET HIM NOW AND THROW A MONKEY-WRENCH INTO HIS SCHEME!



COME... NOW LET US CHANGE INTO OUR NATURAL STATES... BECAUSE IT IS EASIER TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE JUNGLES TO SIBSAGAR AS TIGERS!

ER, I... I STILL HAVEN'T FULLY RECOVERED FROM MY DESCENT DOWN THE ROPE... I THINK I'LL HAVE THE NAGAS CARRY ME TO SIBSAGAR!

THAT MIGHT BE BEST... I WILL CHANGE AND MEET YOU THERE!



WHW... I'LL NEVER GET USED TO THE SIGHT OF HER CHANGING INTO A TIGRESS... I'LL STILL GET THAT CREEPY FEELING DOWN MY SPINE NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES IT HAPPENS!



LATER... GOSH, I JUST HAPPENED TO REALIZE THAT TIGRA WILL GET TO SIBSAGAR BEFORE I DO... AND IF SHE TELLS ZORTAN ABOUT ME, I'D BETTER BE READY FOR TROUBLE!



JUST OUTSIDE SIBSAGAR...



HALT, NAGAG! WE WILL ESCORT OUR FELLOW TIGER-MAN INTO ZORTAN'S PRESENCE!

OH, OH---I DIDN'T EXPECT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE THIS SOON! I BETTER NOT PUT UP A FIGHT---YET!

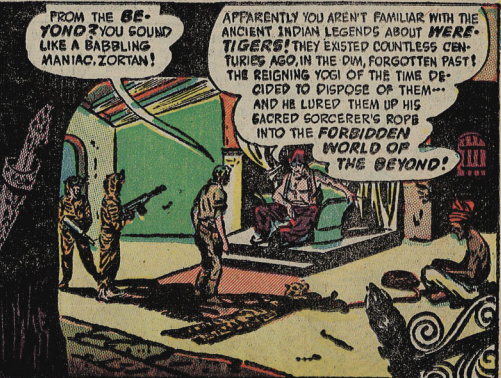


WELLS---AND BOW DOWN BEFORE ZORTAN!



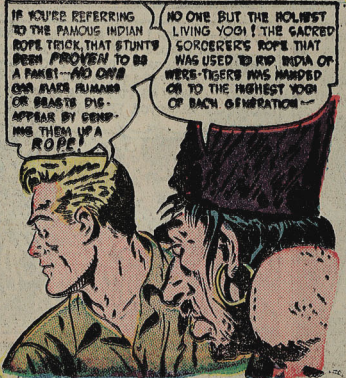
SO YOU'RE BEHIND THE BRAIN BEHIND ALL THIS, ISN'T IT?

YES---AND I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE AN AMERICAN! I DIDN'T KNOW WHOM TO EXPECT WHEN TIGRA THANKED ME FOR SENDING A TIGER-MAN TO HER! ALL OF MY MEN HAD STRICT ORDERS TO KEEP AWAY FROM HER---AND I KNEW THAT I HADN'T BROUGHT ANY MORE WERE-TIGERS DOWN FROM THE BEYOND!



FROM THE BE-YOND? YOU SOUND LIKE A BABBLING MANIAC, ZORTAN!

APPARENTLY YOU AREN'T FAMILIAR WITH THE ANCIENT INDIAN LEGENDS ABOUT WERE-TIGERS! THEY EXISTED COUNTLESS CENTURIES AGO, IN THE DIM, FORGOTTEN PAST! THE REIGNING YOGI OF THE TIME DECIDED TO DISPOSE OF THEM--- AND HE LURED THEM UP HIS SACRED SORCERER'S ROPE INTO THE FORBIDDEN WORLD OF THE BEYOND!




IF YOU'RE REFERRING TO THE FAMOUS INDIAN ROPE TRICK, THAT STUNT'S BEEN PROVEN TO BE A FAKE!---NO ONE CAN MAKE HUMANS OR BEASTS DISAPPEAR BY GRASPING THEM UP A ROPE!

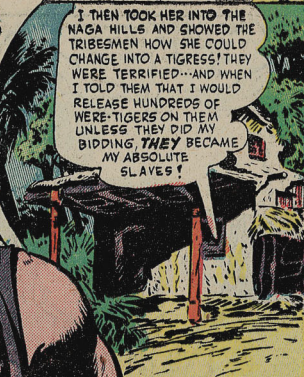
NO ONE BUT THE HOLIEST LIVING YOGI! THE SACRED SORCERER'S ROPE THAT WAS USED TO RID INDIA OF WERE-TIGERS WAS HANDS ON TO THE HIGHEST YOGI OF EACH GENERATION---



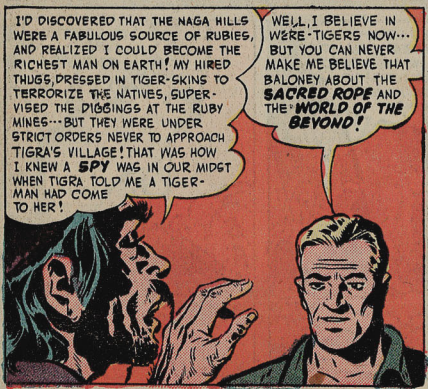
---UNTIL IT CAME TO THIS YOGI! I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO TOOK THE ANCIENT LEGENDS SERIOUSLY AND I SPENT YEARS IN TRACKING DOWN THE CURRENT POSSESSOR OF THE SACRED ROPE---BECAUSE I REALIZED THE ENORMOUS POWER IT COULD GIVE ME! WHEN I FINALLY FOUND THAT THIS YOGI HAD THE AUTHENTIC SORCERER'S ROPE, I KIDNAPPED HIM, PARALYZED HIS WILL BY THE USE OF DRUGS UNTIL HE BECAME MY OBEIENT SLAVE--- WHO WOULD SEND HIS ROPE UP INTO THE BEYOND WHENEVER I ORDERED HIM TO!



I CLIMBED UP THE ROPE, AND THERE I FOUND AN ASTONISHING WORLD INHABITED BY FIERCE **WERE-TIGERS!** MANAGING TO STEAL A YOUNG FEMALE WERE-TIGER CUB, I NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH AND FLED DOWN THE ROPE WITH HER, PULLING THE ROPE DOWN AFTERWARDS TO PREVENT THE WERE-TIGERS FROM FOLLOWING ME! I CALLED THE CUB **TIGRA** ... AND BY YEARS OF CAREFUL TRAINING, TAUGHT HER TO FOLLOW MY ORDERS!




I THEN TOOK HER INTO THE NAGA HILLS AND SHOWED THE TRIBESMEN HOW SHE COULD CHANGE INTO A TIGRESS! THEY WERE TERRIFIED... AND WHEN I TOLD THEM THAT I WOULD RELEASE HUNDREDS OF WERE-TIGERS ON THEM UNLESS THEY DID MY BIDDING, **THEY BECAME MY ABSOLUTE SLAVES!**



I'D DISCOVERED THAT THE NAGA HILLS WERE A FABULOUS SOURCE OF RUBIES, AND REALIZED I COULD BECOME THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH! MY HIRED THUGS, DRESSED IN TIGER-SKINS TO TERRORIZE THE NATIVES, SUPERVISED THE DIGGINGS AT THE RUBY MINES... BUT THEY WERE UNDER STRICT ORDERS NEVER TO APPROACH TIGRA'S VILLAGE! THAT WAS HOW I KNEW A **SPY** WAS IN OUR MIDST WHEN TIGRA TOLD ME A TIGER-MAN HAD COME TO HER!

WELL, I BELIEVE IN WERE-TIGERS NOW... BUT YOU CAN NEVER MAKE ME BELIEVE THAT BALONEY ABOUT THE **SACRED ROPE** AND THE **WORLD OF THE BEYOND!**



OH, **NO?** PERHAPS **THIS** WILL CONVINCE YOU!... **YOGI... HARBARI GAR JAMRAD!**



JAMRAD KARASAI SADMARDA SKARDU!

HOLY COW... THAT ROPE LEAPED STRAIGHT UP!

YES... AND NOW YOU WILL CLIMB IT!



UP... OR YOU DIE HERE AND NOW!

I'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS... OR THAT **TOMMY-GUNNER** WILL GET ME!



GREAT SCOTT--- I--- I'M
IN ANOTHER WORLD UP
HERE! IT---IT'S FANTASTIC---
UNBELIEVABLE---



BUT IT'S ALL REAL---
AND ALL SO WEIRD AND
UNEARTHLY!

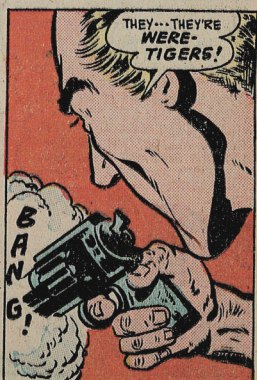


HA--NOW THAT I ORDERED
THE ROPE WITHDRAWN,
TIGRA'S TIGER-MAN
WILL BE DEVoured
BY THE WERE-TIGERS
OF THE WORLD
ABOVE!

OH!!!



THE ROPE'S GONE--- I'M
STRANDED HERE! AND
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF
THOSE CREATURES! I'D
BETTER USE MY GUN---
FAST!



THEY---THEY'RE
WERE-TIGERS!

BANG!



THE OTHERS ARE FALLING BACK
--- BUT THEY'LL SURROUND ME
AND ATTACK AGAIN AND AGAIN
UNTIL MY BULLETS ARE GONE! I
--- I GUESS I'M A
GONER!



WHILE BELOW---

BUT LISTEN TO ME, TIGRA
--- YOUR TIGER-MAN **WASN'T**
A REAL WERE-TIGER! WE **CAN'T**
BRING HIM
BACK!

YOU LIE! YOU
WILL BRING
HIM BACK TO
ME---OR I'LL
KILL YOU
ALL!

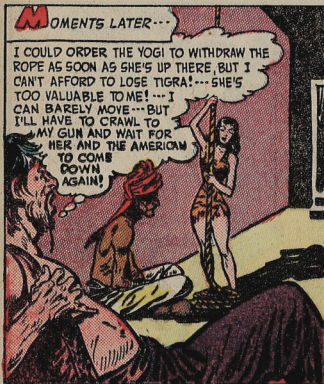


THE CHANGE TO ANIMAL--AND STRIKING WITH THE SWIFTESS AND FEROCITY OF A TIGRESS BATTLING FOR HER MATE...

YAGHHH!



SHE--SHE KILLED MY MEN--AND SHE'LL KILL ME UNLESS I ORDER THE YOGI TO SEND THE ROPE BACK UP!



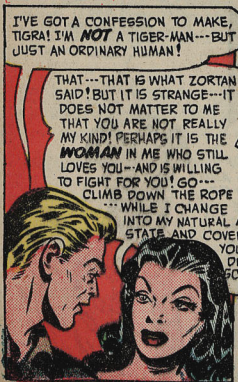
MOMENTS LATER...

I COULD ORDER THE YOGI TO WITHDRAW THE ROPE AS SOON AS SHE'S UP THERE, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE TIGRA!--SHE'S TOO VALUABLE TO ME!--I CAN BARELY MOVE--BUT I'LL HAVE TO CRAWL TO MY GUN AND WAIT FOR HER AND THE AMERICAN TO COME DOWN AGAIN!



TIGRA! GET DOWN--I JUST USED UP MY LAST BULLET--AND THOSE WERE TIGERS ARE GATHERING FOR ANOTHER ATTACK!

BUT WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE INTO YOUR TIGER-STATE--AND FIGHT THEM BACK?



I'VE GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE, TIGRA! I'M **NOT** A TIGER-MAN--BUT JUST AN ORDINARY HUMAN!

THAT--THAT IS WHAT ZORTAN SAID! BUT IT IS STRANGE--IT DOES NOT MATTER TO ME THAT YOU ARE NOT REALLY MY KIND! PERHAPS IT IS THE WOMAN IN ME WHO STILL LOVES YOU--AND IS WILLING TO FIGHT FOR YOU! GO--CLIMB DOWN THE ROPE--WHILE I CHANGE INTO MY NATURAL STATE AND COVER YOUR DESCENT!

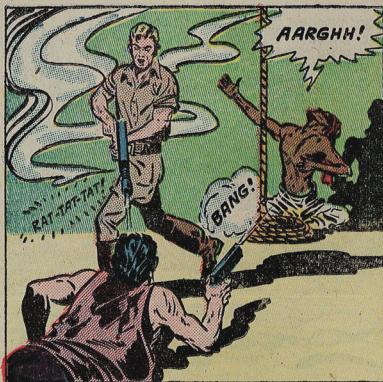


BUT TIGRA, WHAT ABOUT YOU--?

FAREWELL, MY LOVE!



SHE--SHE CHANGED AGAIN--AND THERE SHE GOES--FIGHTING FOR ME! I'D BETTER GET DOWN AND COME BACK WITH A WEAPON TO HELP HER!



WITH THE YOGI DEAD, ALL THE SACRED SORCERER'S POWER IS GONE FROM THE ROPE... AND NOW I CAN'T GO BACK TO HELP TIGRA! **NO ONE** CAN EVER AGAIN MOUNT THIS ROPE INTO THE WORLD OF WERE-TIGERS... JUST AS NO WERE-TIGERS CAN EVER AGAIN DESCEND TO **OUR** WORLD! THE NAGAS WILL BE HAPPY TO HEAR **THAT**--AND PERHAPS MY MISSION HERE WILL BE SUCCESSFUL, AFTER ALL...

AND WHEN I DROP THIS GORCERER'S ROPE INTO THE FIRE, O NAGAS, YOU NEED NEVER AGAIN FEAR THE WERE-TIGERS... FOR THEY WILL NEVER DESCEND THE ROPE TO PLAGUE YOU! IN RETURN, ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU AGREE TO WORK THE RUBY MINES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA... AND TO LIVE IN PEACE!

SO LONG, TIGRA... **WHEREVER YOU ARE!**

WE AGREE, O SAVIOR OF THE NAGAS AND DESTROYER OF THE WERE-TIGERS!





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"Breakfast of Champions"

BEWITCHED WIG

"I'M DICTATING THIS statement into my office dictograph so that if anything should happen to me, at least the police will have a complete report of this amazing, uncanny case.

"I'll start at the beginning. As publicity man for the new Broadway play, *The Witch-Hunter*, starring Claude Lawton, I spent a couple of sleepless nights trying to think of a publicity angle that would set all New York talking about the play. *The Witch-Hunter*, as even the most ignorant must know by now, is the story of Sir Edward Montague, the demented and blood-thirsty British judge of the 17th Century who was responsible for having hung or burned at the stake some two hundred so-called 'witches'.

"After some exhaustive thinking and research, I finally found my publicity gimmick...the genuine powdered wig worn by Sir Edward himself, more than 300 years ago. I learned that the wig was in the possession of the Museum of British Antiques in London...and cabled them an offer of \$5,000 cash for the rental of the wig. The idea, of course, was that Claude Lawton would wear that wig in the play...and that it would be the source of dozens upon dozens of newspaper and magazine features, all of which would plug the play and help make it a smash hit...I hoped.

"As any rate, apparently the museum was in dire financial straits...for they accepted my offer, though very reluctantly. The curator wrote me that he thought it dangerous to let anyone wear the wig, because apparently it had some kind of an evil spell upon it...a spell that turned the wearer into a crazed, blood-thirsty maniac who loved only fires and killings. However, the curator added, this spell had no effect unless the wig was worn for more than one hour, at a time...and he would let me have it only if I promised that it wouldn't be worn longer than that period at any one time.

"It was all superstitious nonsense to

me, of course...so even though I knew that Claude Lawton would have to wear the wig for almost two and a half hours each night the play ran, I nevertheless humored the curator and gave him the promise he wanted.

"Well, there's no need for me to go into too much detail about what happened next...because everyone knows that *The Witch-Hunter* was a smash hit. Thanks to the publicity stories about the wig, the public flocked to every performance. Everyone was happy...except Claude Lawton. He had always been known as a genial, sociable chap...so it was surprising to see how moody and withdrawn he became. After each performance he would sit for hour after hour at his dressing table, still wearing the wig, staring at his reflection in the mirror, his eyes becoming wilder and wilder until he would finally stalk off into the night, still wearing the wig.

"No one dared say anything to him, for he began to develop a murderous temper. Once, when I asked him whether he was feeling all right, he flung a pair of scissors at me. Luckily, it missed my eyes and just caused a gash in my forehead...but from then on, I left him strictly alone.

"It was about that time that a strange crime wave broke out in New York...but I didn't connect it with Claude then. I should have thought of the connection, because all the crimes followed a pattern...murder, and then the burning of the victim.

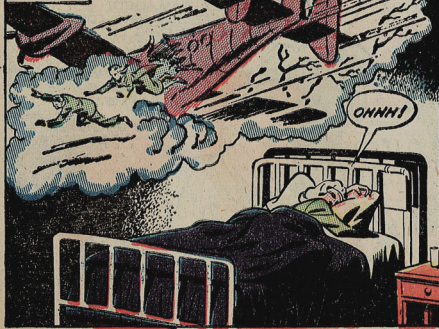
"But this morning I received an urgent wire from the curator of the museum, saying he had read reports of the strange crime wave...and demanding that I return the wig to him, because apparently I hadn't lived up to my promise. I began to see it all then, and as soon as I finish dictating this report, I'm going to pay a visit to Claude Lawton and get that wig away from him... WHA...! CLAUDE! How did you get into my office? What do you want? Stop... put that knife down! No, Claude...NO... YAAAGHH!"

The ZOMBIE'S EYES



HERE ARE THINGS NO HUMAN WILL EVER SEE—THINGS THAT LURK IN THE SHADOW OF FORGOTTEN TOMBSTONES—THINGS TO WHOM DEATH BRINGS AN ENDLESS AFTERLIFE OF TERROR! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO PROBE THE MURKY SECRETS OF THE UNDEAD—AND THAT IS TO STARE AT ITS HORRORS AS DRU PARRY DID—BURDENED WITH THE UNBLINKING CURSE OF THE ZOMBIE'S EYES!

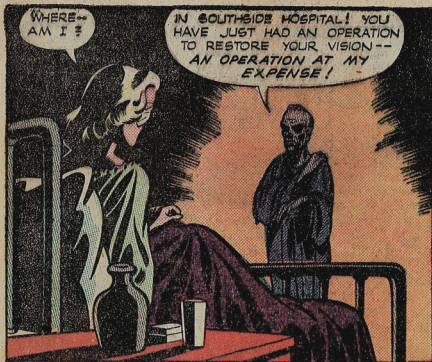
IN A DARKENED HOSPITAL ROOM, RETURNING CONSCIOUSNESS BRINGS A VIVID IMAGE—A MEMORY RELIVED FOR A SINGLE TERRIBLE INSTANT!



OHNN!

I'VE GOT TO FORGET THE ACCIDENT—I'VE GOT TO BLOT IT OUT! I CAN'T SEE, BUT THANK HEAVEN I CAN HEAR FOOTSTEPS—I'M NOT ALONE!





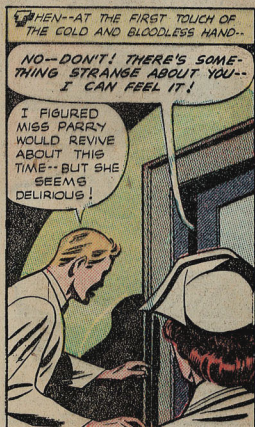
WHERE--
AM I?

IN SOUTHSIDE HOSPITAL! YOU
HAVE JUST HAD AN OPERATION
TO RESTORE YOUR VISION--
AN OPERATION AT MY
EXPENSE!



YOU PAID FOR ME?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
--WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?

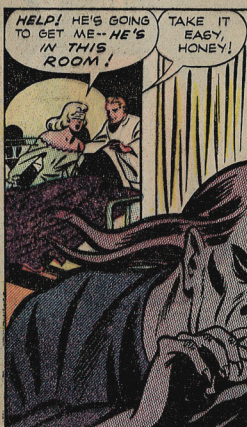
I CAME HERE
SO YOU WOULD
FIND OUT! FIRST
--WE'LL REMOVE
THE BANDAGE!



WHEN--AT THE FIRST TOUCH OF
THE COLD AND BLOODLESS HAND--

NO--DON'T! THERE'S SOME-
THING STRANGE ABOUT YOU--
I CAN FEEL IT!

I FIGURED
MISS PARRY
WOULD REVIVE
ABOUT THIS
TIME-- BUT SHE
SEEMS
DELIRIOUS!



HELP! HE'S GOING
TO GET ME--HE'S
IN THIS
ROOM!

TAKE IT
EASY,
HONEY!

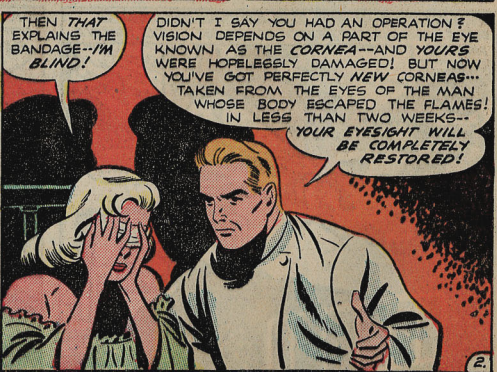


THERE'S NO NEED GETTING
YOURSELF KEYED UP! I'M DR.
JOHN KIRKWOOD, WHO PERFORM-
ED THE OPERATION--AND YOU
CAN TAKE MY WORD THAT
IT WAS SUCCESSFUL!

OPERATION? WHAT
FOR--WHAT HAPPEN-
ED TO ME?



YOU PROBABLY REMEMBER THE
PLANE CRASH! WHAT YOU DON'T
KNOW IS THAT ONLY YOURSELF
AND A MALE PASSENGER WERE
FLUNG CLEAR--THE OTHERS
WERE TRAPPED IN THE BLAZING
WRECKAGE! THE MAN DIED
ALMOST INSTANTLY--AND AS FOR
YOU, YOUR EYES WERE SEARED
BY HIGH-OCTANE AVIATION FUEL!

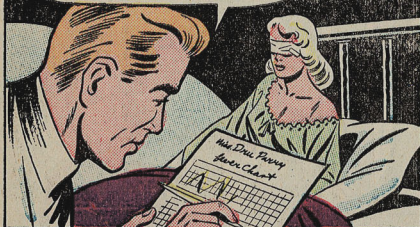


THEN THAT
EXPLAINS THE
BANDAGE--I'M
BLIND!

DIDN'T I SAY YOU HAD AN OPERATION?
VISION DEPENDS ON A PART OF THE EYE
KNOWN AS THE CORNEA--AND YOURS
WERE HOPELESSLY DAMAGED! BUT NOW
YOU'VE GOT PERFECTLY NEW CORNEAS--
TAKEN FROM THE EYES OF THE MAN
WHOSE BODY ESCAPED THE FLAMES!
--IN LESS THAN TWO WEEKS--
YOUR EYESIGHT WILL
BE COMPLETELY
RESTORED!

I SHOULD FEEL REASSURED, DR. KIRKWOOD--BUT I'M NOT! THERE WAS A MAN IN HERE WITH A STRANGE, HOLLOW VOICE--AND HE TOLD ME THE OPERATION WAS AT HIS EXPENSE!

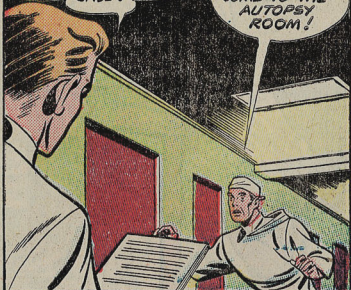
JUST A NIGHTMARE--CAUSED BY THE ETHER WEARING OFF! ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS RELAX--AND FORGET EVERYTHING BUT THE FACT THAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET BETTER FAST!



A MOMENT LATER--

WHAT'S WRONG, JOHNSON? DON'T TELL ME THERE'S ANOTHER EMERGENCY CASE!

FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, DOCTOR--DON'T WASTE TIME-- YOU'VE GOT TO COME TO THE AUTOPSY ROOM!



IN THE BARE CHAMBER WHERE BODIES ARE EXAMINED, ACCORDING TO LAW, BEFORE BURIAL--

WAIT A MINUTE! WHEN I REMOVED THE EYES FROM THAT PLANE VICTIM'S BODY--I LEFT ORDERS THAT IT WAS TO REMAIN HERE FOR FURTHER EXAMINATION!

THAT'S WHY I GOT YOU DOWN HERE, DOCTOR! THAT BODY WASN'T REMOVED--NO ONE TOUCHED IT--IT LEFT BY ITSELF!



DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, JOHNSON! IT ISN'T A VERY FUNNY JOKE--BUT THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME MEDICAL INTERNS HAVE HIDDEN AN UNCLAIMED CORPSE!

THE DOOR WAS LOCKED, DR. KIRKWOOD--I'VE GOT THE KEY! THE ONLY OTHER WAY TO GET IT OPEN IS TO TURN THIS LATCH--FROM THE INSIDE!



THERE WAS NOTHING DR. KIRKWOOD COULD SAY AT THE TIME--BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED, HE NOW AND THEN FOUND HIS THOUGHTS TAKING A STRANGE TURN!

WHAT WAS IT THAT PARRY GIRL SAYS SHE FELT IN HER HOSPITAL ROOM? AND WHY DID IT HAPPEN THE VERY NIGHT--ALMOST THE VERY MINUTE--THAT CORPSE DISAPPEARED--THE CORPSE WHOSE EYES SHE'LL BE SEEING WITHIN A FEW MORE DAYS? I'M A DOCTOR, AND I DEAL WITH REALITIES--BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON DRU PARRY!



A WEEK LATER--

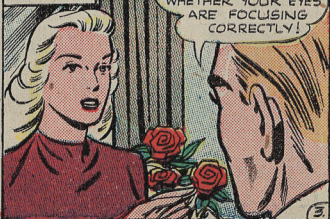
WELL, DRU--THIS'LL SHOW YOU I WASN'T JUST HANDING YOU A LINE TO BOOST YOUR MORALE! HOW ABOUT IT?

IT'S LIKE COMING BACK TO LIFE--I CAN SEE!



YOU'RE THE FIRST THING I WANT TO LOOK AT, DR. KIRKWOOD--SO YOU'LL KNOW HOW DEEPLY I MEAN IT WHEN I SAY THANK YOU--WITH ALL MY HEART!

O.K., DRU--BUT I'M A LITTLE TOO CLOSE! LOOK AROUND THE ROOM--AND LET'S SEE WHETHER YOUR EYES ARE FOCUSING CORRECTLY!



YOU NEEDN'T WORRY--I CAN SEE PERFECTLY! YOUR NURSE--THAT OLD GENTLEMAN--EVERYTHING'S CLEAR AS CRYSTAL!

OLD GENTLEMAN! YE GODS, SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE--BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY MAN IN THE ROOM!

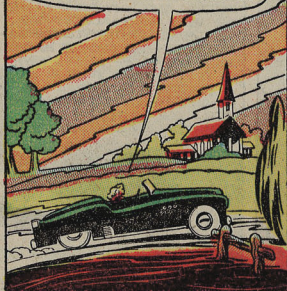


DRU, THE NEXT STEP IS TO TAKE A SHORT DRIVE--AND SEE HOW YOUR EYES REACT TO SUNLIGHT! DO YOU WANT TO?

RIGHT NOW--I COULDN'T WANT ANYTHING MORE!



I'VE BEEN WONDERING HOW YOUR VISION IS WHEN IT COMES TO DETAILS, DRU! FOR EXAMPLE, THAT OLD MAN BACK IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM--CAN YOU DESCRIBE HIM--CLOSELY?



OF COURSE I CAN! HE WAS BALD--HE HAD VERY SHAGGY EYEBROWS--AND A NOSE WITH A LONG, THIN BRIDGE!

GOOD LORD--THAT'S JUST WHAT I SUSPECTED! THAT WAS OLD MAN STEVENS, WHO DIED IN THAT VERY ROOM LAST NIGHT--AND WHAT SHE SAW WAS HIS GHOST!



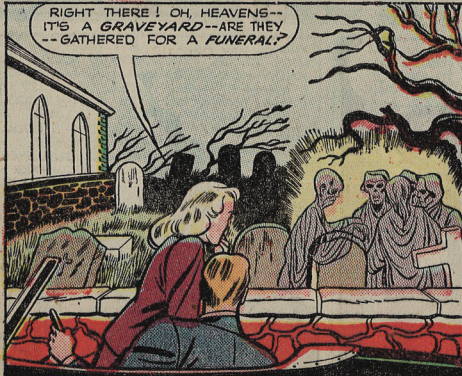
SOON AFTERWARD--

THERE CAN'T BE A WEDDING AT THIS HOUR, DR. KIRKWOOD!! WHY ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE STANDING AROUND?

WHO DO YOU MEAN, DRU? WHAT PEOPLE?

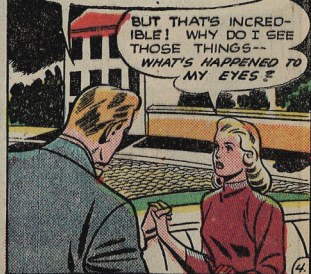


RIGHT THERE! OH, HEAVENS--IT'S A GRAVEYARD--ARE THEY GATHERED FOR A FUNERAL?



DRU, THIS'LL BE A SHOCK--BUT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW! THERE'S NO FUNERAL TAKING PLACE HERE--THERE ARE NO PEOPLE--AND THERE WAS NO OLD MAN IN THE ROOM WHEN I REMOVED THOSE BANDAGES!

BUT THAT'S INCREDIBLE! WHY DO I SEE THOSE THINGS--WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY EYES?

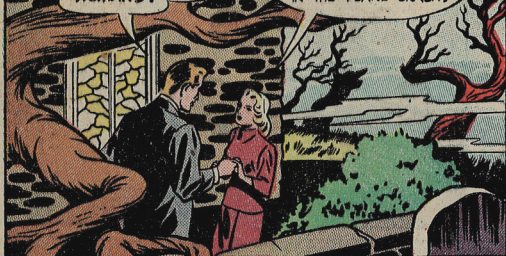


FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, DR. KIRKWOOD POWERS IN SILENCE AS DUSK GATHERS OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE--GROPING FOR WORDS TO EXPRESS A REALIZATION LIVID WITH HORROR!

DRU--YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER THEY'RE NOT REALLY YOUR EYES! THERE HAVE BEEN THOUSANDS OF CORNEA GRAFT OPERATIONS --BUT THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN DONE WITH EYES FROM HUMANS!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR! DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT THE EYES USED FOR MY OPERATION WERE TAKEN FROM THE BODY OF A MAN WHO DIED IN THE PLANE CRASH?

THAT'S RIGHT--BUT HE WASN'T A MAN, DRU--AND HE DIDN'T DIE! HE'S THE KIND OF CREATURE THAT NEVER DIES--WITH EYES THAT CAN SEE THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD BECAUSE HE PREYS ON THEM--A ZOMBIE!

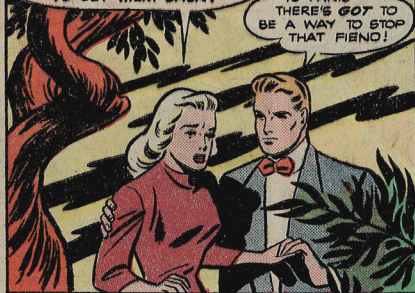


NOW I KNOW WHY HE CAME TO MY HOSPITAL ROOM--WHY HE STARTED TO UNDO THE BANDAGE! HE CAN'T FIND THE DEAD WITHOUT HIS EYES--HE'S TRYING TO GET THEM BACK!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT WHAT-EVER HAPPENS, DON'T GIVE WAY TO PANIC--THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY TO STOP THAT FIEND!

SUDDENLY-- YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME, DR. KIRKWOOD--AFTER I LIVED THROUGH A PLANE CRASH--AND AN EX-CRUCIATING OPERATION WITHOUT ANESTHESIA?

DOCTOR--THAT VOICE! IT'S HIM--THE ZOMBIE!

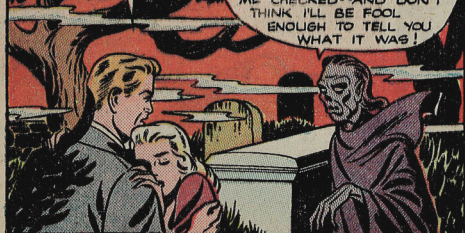


TAKE IT EASY, DRU! THERE ARE A FEW THINGS I'D LIKE TO LEARN FROM THIS CREEP--INCLUDING HOW HE HAPPENED TO BE ON THAT PLANE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

I HAD A PREMONITION OF DISASTER--AND I PLANNED TO SUMMON THE DEAD TO THE HALF-LIFE OF THE ZOMBIES AFTER THE PLANE CRASHED! BUT SOMETHING AT THE SCENE OF THE WRECK KEPT ME CHECKED--AND DON'T THINK I'LL BE FOOL ENOUGH TO TELL YOU WHAT IT WAS!

EVEN SO--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU *PRETENDED* TO BE DEAD--SUBMITTING TO THE TORTURE OF THAT OPERATION!

DON'T YOU SEE I HAD NO OTHER COURSE--WHEN THE RESCUE PARTY ARRIVED A MOMENT AFTER THE PLANE CRASHED? *EVERYONE* IN MY SECTION OF THE PLANE HAD BEEN INSTANTLY KILLED--HOW COULD I LET MYSELF BE DISCOVERED UNHARMED--WITHOUT PROVING I WAS A ZOMBIE!



THE REAL TEST CAME ON THE OPERATING TABLE--WHEN YOUR SCALPEL SLASHED INTO MY EYE SOCKETS! BUT I WITHSTOOD THE AGONY, KNOWING IT WOULD BE JUST A QUESTION OF TIME-- A TIME LIKE THIS--



--WHEN I WOULD GET BACK MY EYES!

DRU--WATCH OUT!



I'LL TRY TO HOLD HIM! GET TO THE CAR!

SOK!



THIS WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF WHAT IT MEANS TO RESIST ME--THE KIND OF DEATH YOU NEVER DARED DREAM OF!

POW!

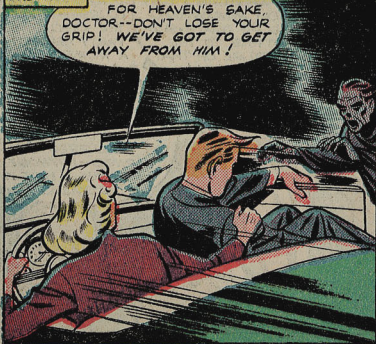


WHAM!



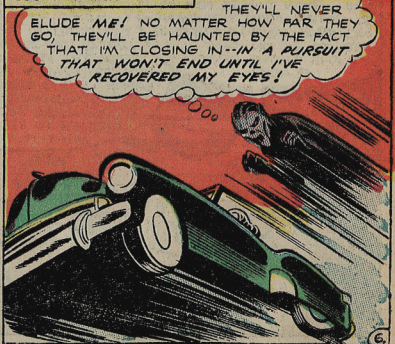
AS THE DREAD FIGURE LEAPS--HIS CLAWED HANDS GRASP--

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DOCTOR--DON'T LOSE YOUR GRIP! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HIM!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT--THE ZOMBIE UNDERGOES A HIDEOUS TRANSFORMATION!

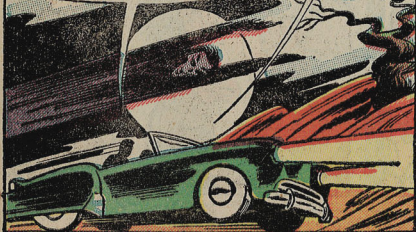
THEY'LL NEVER ELUDE ME! NO MATTER HOW FAR THEY GO, THEY'LL BE HAUNTED BY THE FACT THAT I'M CLOSING IN--IN A PURSUIT THAT WON'T END UNTIL I'VE RECOVERED MY EYES!



MINUTES LATER--UNWARE OF THE FIENDISH FIGURE ABOVE THEM--

I HATE TO THINK OF THE HORRIBLE RISK YOU TOOK IN ORDER TO SAVE ME, DOCTOR--YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED!

NO USE DWELLING ON THAT! WHAT I'M THINKING ABOUT IS THE THING THAT WARDED OFF THE ZOMBIE AT THE PLANE WRECK--BECAUSE IT'S THE ONE THING THAT WILL DO ANY GOOD NOW!



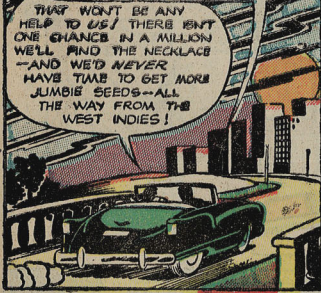
IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING THAT WASN'T DESTROYED BY THE FLAMES--AND SINCE YOU WERE THE ONLY HUMAN WHO WAS THROWN CLEAR--YOU'RE THE ONE WHO CARRIED THE MYSTERIOUS TALISMAN THE ZOMBIE FEARS! HE WOULDN'T HAVE ATTACKED NOW IF YOU STILL HAD IT--SO THINK BACK, DRU--DID YOU LOSE ANYTHING DURING THE ACCIDENT?

YES--THE NECKLACE I BOUGHT IN HAITI! IT WAS JUST A NATIVE TRIFLE--MADE OF RED AND BLACK SEEDS!



GREAT GUNS--THAT'S IT! THOSE ARE JUMBIE SEEDS, DRU--JUMBIE MEANS THE SAME THING AS ZOMBIE--AND THE SEEDS ARE USED IN VOODOO TO REPEL THE WALKING DEAD!

THAT WON'T BE ANY HELP TO US! THERE ISN'T ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION WE'LL FIND THE NECKLACE--AND WE'D NEVER HAVE TIME TO GET MORE JUMBIE SEEDS--ALL THE WAY FROM THE WEST INDIES!



YOU'RE RIGHT-- IN FACT, I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE LONGER THAN TONIGHT! WE'RE NOT GOING TO KEEP PLEASING THAT FIEND, DRU--WE'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE--AND LET HIM CORNER US!



HALF-HOUR LATER--

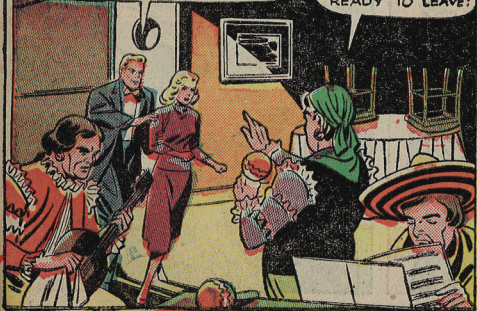
COME ON, MONEY--HERE'S THE PLACE I HAVE IN MIND!

A NIGHT CLUB? BUT DOCTOR, HE'S FOLLOWING US--HERE AT 6000!

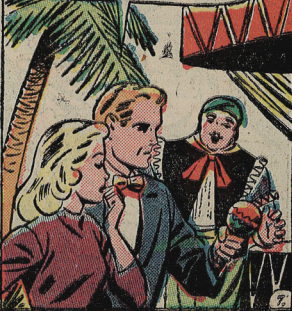


YEP--I EXPECTED HIM TO FOLLOW US! THAT'S WHAT I MEANT BY BEING CORNERED, SWEETHEART!

SEÑOR--THE PLACE IS CLOSING! THE ORCHESTRA IS READY TO LEAVE!



NEVER MIND THAT--START PLAYING! DRU--GET OVER TO THE BAR!



IN AN INSTANT LATER--AS IF THE CHILL OF DEATH HAD ENTERED IN AN UNSEEN BLAST--

DIOS MIO-- THAT IS NOTHING ALIVE! IT IS A BEING WE KNOW WELL IN CUBA--THE CREATURE OF RESTLESS GRAVE-YARDS!

ONLY ONE THING WILL SAVE US! PRE-TEND YOU DON'T NOTICE HIM--KEEP PLAYING!



EASY, DRU! WE'VE GOT TO ACT BOLDLY --WITHOUT SHRINKING!

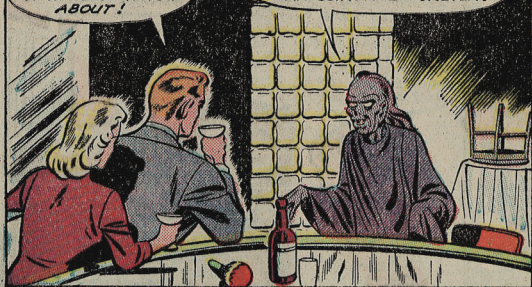
YOU'RE ACTUALLY WAITING FOR ME, EH? YOU TWO GAVE UP MORE QUICKLY THAN I EXPECTED, DR. KIRKWOOD!



YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'D BETTER GIVE UP, FREAK! ONCE THIS GLASS IS DRAINED, IT'LL BE ALL OVER--WE WON'T HAVE A THING TO WORRY ABOUT!

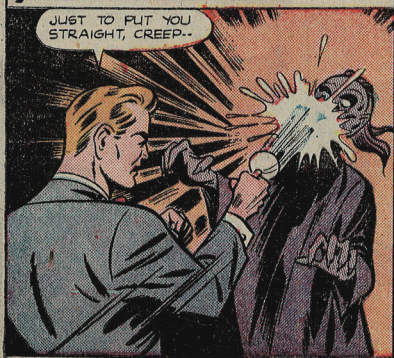
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE POISON? YOU'RE ACTUALLY READY TO DIE IN MY PRESENCE--AND GIVE ME NOT ONLY MY EYES-- BUT A PAIR OF CORPSES I CAN COMMAND FOREVER?

HAA HA HA HA!



THEN--AT THE HEIGHT OF THE MOCKING LAUGHTER--

JUST TO PUT YOU STRAIGHT, CREEP--



--WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT US DYING?

AAGH... AAGH...

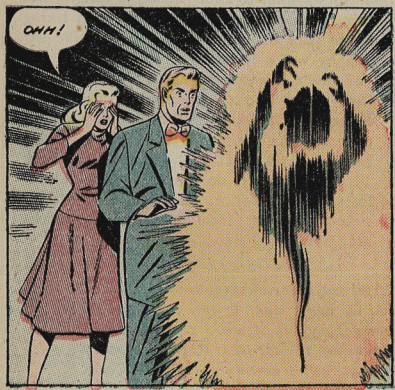
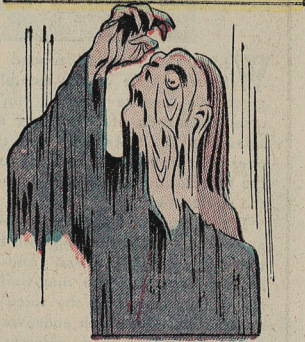




YES, WE WERE WAITING, CHUM--
WAITING WITH A DRINK PREPARED
ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!

YOU TRICKED ME! BUT
IT WON'T DO YOU ANY
GOOD--YOU'LL DIE--
WITH ME--

IN THE NEXT SECOND--THE GASPING SHAPE
SHRIVELS INTO SOMETHING THE EARTH HAD
CLAIMED CENTURIES AGO!



OH!!



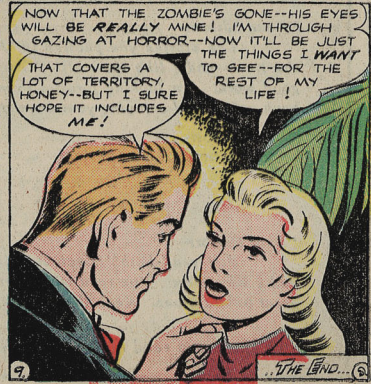
THERE'S NO QUESTION
ABOUT IT, DOCTOR--YOU'VE
DESTROYED HIM--BUT
HOW?

CAN'T YOU GUESS,
DRU? QUIT SHAKING,
PANCHE--AND TOSS
ME THAT OTHER
MARACCA!



WHAT
ARE
THOSE?

JUMBIE SEEDS! I REMEMBERED JUST
IN TIME THAT *THEY'RE* WHAT GIVE
MARACCAS THEIR PECULIAR RASPING
RHYTHM--AND THE STUFF OUR CREEP
FRIEND SWALLOWED WERE THE
SEEDS FROM THE MARACCA I
GRABBED--DUMPED INTO A
GLASS OF WATER!



NOW THAT THE ZOMBIE'S GONE--HIS EYES
WILL BE *REALLY* MINE! I'M THROUGH
GAZING AT HORROR--NOW IT'LL BE JUST
THE THINGS I *WANT*

THAT COVERS A
LOT OF TERRITORY,
HONEY--BUT I SURE
HOPE IT INCLUDES
ME!

TO SEE--FOR THE
REST OF MY
LIFE!

EDITOR



WELL, IT'S COME around again---our favorite time of the month! Time to greet our favorite friends, you thousands upon thousands of loyal fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown"---and time to talk over what we're doing to bring to you all of the fascinating thrills of the great world of the supernatural!

It's a dark and frightening world, to be sure---but a realm teeming with high adventure and gripping interest. And ours is the task to lead you into that world, to light its dim byways with the torch of flaming imagination. Out of our endeavor have come the gripping tales of midnights freighted with menace, of things that walk by night under the light of a staring moon. They're the stories you've wanted, action-filled and gasp-laden. Yes, the very stories that through this all-star issue---all yours and designed for your exclusive entertainment! Stories like "The Were-Tiger of Assam", for instance. Everyone's heard of werewolves, but this is something new---a weretiger---in a tale of eerie imaginativeness straight from the very depths of the Unknown! And if it's zombie adventures you

go for, you'll have to go far to match "The Zombie's Eyes"; a new and gripping sidelight on the *Walking Dead*. Then we've got something captivatingly different for you---"The Spectral Pirate"---one of the most amazing supernatural yarns in months! And there's "Assault From The Unknown", a really *personalized* account of all of the nether regions, in full array---united in a menacing attack against this very magazine you're reading! Add to all this a skillful grouping of truly weird short subjects---and we believe it spells one of the most intriguing issues ever!

But we want to know what *you* think about this, your personal magazine. Is it living up to your expectations? Do you like the stories we're featuring? Is there anything you *don't* like---or any special preferences that you'd like to see included in future issues? If so---*tell us!* Address your letters to *The Editor, Adventures Into The Unknown*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. We'll do our best to print your letter in this space. Meanwhile, how's for a look at what some of our *other* readers are saying?

"Dear Editor:-

I just finished reading your wonderful magazine, 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. It's the first time I've ever read it, and I want to tell you that I think your unusual magazine is terrific! I never get my fill of weird stories about the supernatural, and 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is just what I've been wanting. It's hard to say that any one story was best, but I certainly did like 'World of Werewolves' and 'The Man Who Met His Own Ghost'.

"Dear Editor:-

--Pat Mass, Sunset, Texas."

The stories you publish in 'Adventures Into The Unknown' get better all the time---and I like them all! 'Ghost Writer' was one of the best---keep up the good work! I'm looking forward to your next issue---you've got the best comics book going, and enjoying your wonderful stories is my favorite pastime.

"Dear Editor:-

--Russell Campbell, Portsmouth, Va."

A wonderful magazine!

--'Adventures Into The Unknown' fans-
Susan, Mary, Virginia, Violet, Beverly,
Gladys, Timothy, Robert.

--Houlton, Maine."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read both 'Adventures Into The Unknown' and 'Forbidden Worlds', and I love them! I've read many terror books, not none measures up to your two great publications. Keep them coming!

--Mary Wagamon, Traverse City, Mich."

Have you read our companion magazine, "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"?



WHEN ART EXPERT RICHARD SMALL WAS COMMISSIONED BY A WEALTHY CLIENT TO EXAMINE THE PAINTING OF A FEROCIOUS 18TH CENTURY BUCCANEER, HE THOUGHT HE WAS IN LUCK! HE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT BEFORE HIS WORK WAS FINISHED, THE FIGURE IN THE PAINTING WOULD SUDDENLY SPRING SAVAGELY TO LIFE AND HE'D BE BATTLING FOR HIS VERY EXISTENCE AGAINST THE TERROR OF THE SEVEN SEAS...AGAINST THE SPECTRAL PIRATE!



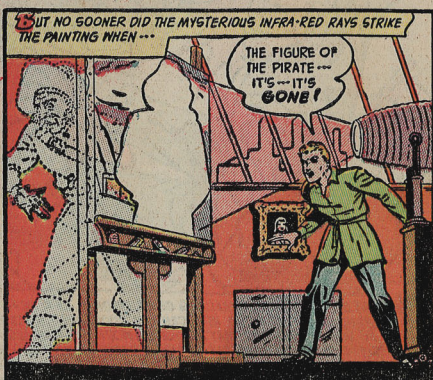
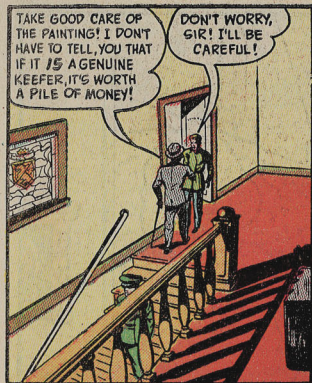
I'VE HEARD GOOD REPORTS OF YOU, MR. SMALL! I WANT YOU TO LOOK OVER THIS CANVAS AND DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT IT WAS PAINTED BY SIR GLADWIN KEEFER!

I'LL BE GLAD TO, MR. MAC PHERSON!

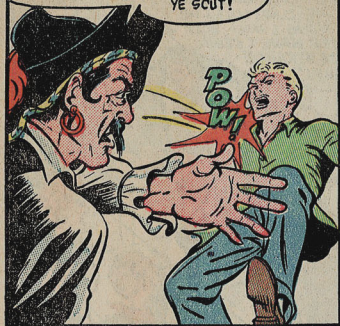


VICIOUS-LOOKING CUSTOMER, HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A LIFE STUDY OF CAPTAIN CUTT, THE BLOODIEST PIRATE OF THEM ALL! QUITE A LEGEND ABOUT HIM---BURIED A TREASURE SOMEWHERE AROUND NEW YORK HERE, THEY SAY!

JUST AS LONG AS HE STAYS WHERE HE IS, I WON'T WORRY! I'D SURE HATE TO MEET HIM ON A DARK NIGHT!



NOBODY'S HAVING THAT TREASURE BUT ME... CAPTAIN CUTT! MAKE A MOVE AND I'LL BLIT YOUR GULLET FULL OPEN, YE SCUT!



LAZED, RICHARD LAY STILL, EYES FIXED ON THE NIGHTMARE FIGURE...

IT'S UTTERLY FANTASTIC... BUT SOMETHING MUST'VE BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE! PERHAPS THE INFRA-RED RAYS...

AH! A BOTTLE O' GROG!



WITHOUT HIM, MR. MACPHERSON'S PAINTING IS RUINED! AND... GOOD HEAVENS! NANCY'S LIABLE TO COME IN AT ANY MOMENT!



I'VE STILL GOT THE MAP! SCUPPER ME, BUT IF THE SCURRY KNAVES HAD ONLY KNOWN THAT I'D HIDDEN THE KEY TO MY TREASURE IN A SECRET POCKET, THINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT!

AYE, I REMEMBER... THE ISLE OF DEVIL'S RETREAT... FIFTEEN PACES FROM THE OAK TREE... PAST THE BIG BOULDER... THEN...

WHAT ON EARTH AM I GOING TO DO? I'M NO MATCH FOR HIM!



THEN... RICHARD'S PROBLEM WAS MOMENTARILY SOLVED AS CAPTAIN CUTT STRODE TO THE DOOR, THREW IT WIDE OPEN...



STAY WHERE YE ARE! 'TIS ONLY FOR SAVING MY LIFE THAT I SPARE YOURS! NOW I GO ASHORE AND GET MY TREASURE! THEN FOR A LIFE OF EASE!



THANK GOODNESS HE'S GONE! ... THAT PAPER! HE DROPPED IT! THE MAP TO HIS TREASURE!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN CUTT HAD REACHED THE STREET ...STOPPING IN AMAZEMENT AT HIS FIRST SIGHT OF THE WONDERS OF THE 20TH CENTURY!

SHIVER ME TIMBERS! I'M ON NO SHIP, BUT ASHORE! BUT WHAT MANNER OF MAGICAL PLACE IS THIS!

THOSE CARRIAGES --- THEY RUN WITHOUT HORSES! AND THE PEOPLE, HOW STRANGELY THEY ARE CLAD! GAILED THE SEVEN SEAS I HAVE --- BUT NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH STRANGE SIGHTS!

HEY, MOM! LOOKIT THE GUY DRESSED UP LIKE A PIRATE!

HURRYING TO JOIN RICHARD AT THE STUDIO, NANCY WAS BRUSHED ASIDE BY THE BIZARRE FIGURE ---

BETTER LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, MISTER!

PIPE THE GET-UP --- MUSTA WANDERED AWAY FROM A MAS-QUERADE PARTY! PROBABLY TANKED TO THE EARS! WELL, YOU GEE EVERYTHING IN NEW YORK!

NEW YORK! SO THAT'S WHERE I AM! BUT 'TIS NOT THE PEACEFUL SPOT I REMEMBER! THE PEOPLE LAUGH AT ME AS IF I AM STRANGE AND NOT THEY! METHINKS I AM BEWITCHED!

GET OUTTA TH' WAY, YA STUPE DOPE! WANNA GET KILLED?

YE FOUL-MOUTHED SPAWN OF A RAT!

WAIT A MINUTE, BUD, I WAS JUST JOKIN' --- I --- HEY! HELP!

I'LL TEACH YE HOW TO TALK TO CAPTAIN CUTT!

OFFICER! QUICK! THERE'S A MADMAN OVER THERE!

BULLETS! ZOUNDS! I MUST ESCAPE---

BANG! BANG!

MAKING FOR THE ONLY PLACE OF REFUGE HE KNEW, CAPTAIN CUTT HEADED BACK...TOWARDS RICHARD'S STUDIO!



HE MUST'VE GONE DOWN THE STREET, OFFICER!



**AND AS NANCY LISTENED IN AMAZE-
MENT TO AN ACCOUNT
OF THE STRANGE
HAPPENINGS---**




YOU MEAN THE PIRATE WHO ALMOST KNOCKED ME DOWN CAME OUT OF THE PAINTING? IT'S...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, RICHARD!

THAT'S WHAT I'D SAY...IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES! LOOK AT THE PAINTING! THE CANVAS IS BARE WHERE THE PIRATE FIGURE WAS!



MR. MACPHERSON WILL NEVER BELIEVE IT! HE'LL GUE YOU FOR RUINING HIS PAINTING!
OH, RICHARD!

MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO GO AFTER THE PIRATE AND GET HIM BACK IN HIS PAINTING! BUT... HOW?



WHERE COULD WE HAVE GONE?

TO RECOVER HIS TREASURE--- IT'S BURIED ON AN ISLAND NAMED **DEVIL'S RETREAT!** LOOK, IT'S MARKED HERE ON THIS MAP HE DROPPED WHEN HE WAS LEAVING!



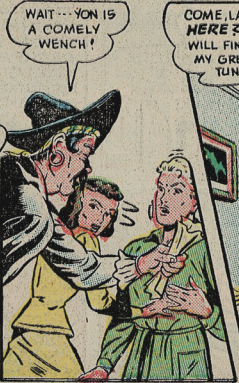
DEVIL'S RETREAT? IT MUST BE NEVER HEARD OF IT!

IT MUST BE SOMEWHERE NEAR NEW YORK, IF THE LEGEND ABOUT CAPTAIN CUTT IS TO BE TRUSTED!

GIVE ME THAT MAP, YE SWAB!



WAIT... YOU IS A COMELY WENCH!



COME, LASS, WHY TARRY HERE? TOGETHER WE WILL FIND AND SPEND MY GREAT FORTUNE!

LEAVE HER ALONE!



SILENCE, DOG! CAPTAIN CUTT TAKES WHAT HE WANTS...AND NOBODY STOPS HIM!



AND SO, GRIPPING THE GIRL TIGHTLY, AND WITH ONE HUGE HAND OVER HER MOUTH, CAPTAIN CUTT FORCED HER TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE STREET! NIGHT HAD COME...AND WITH IT, A HEAVY FOG!



AH! THE SMELL OF THE SEA! NOW TO FIND A CONVEYANCE TO TAKE US TO MY TREASURE!



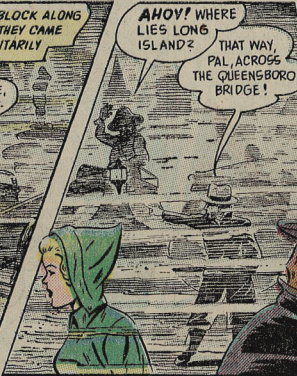
THEY HADN'T GONE HALF A BLOCK ALONG CENTRAL PARK SOUTH WHEN THEY CAME UPON A HANSON CAB MOMENTARILY DESERTED BY ITS DRIVER...

HO! THIS WILL DO! IN WITH YE, WENCH! DARE TO MAKE AN OUT-CRY...AND I'LL WRING YOUR NECK!



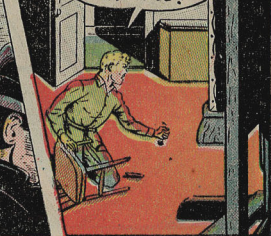
AHOY! WHERE LIES LONG ISLAND?

THAT WAY, PAL, ACROSS THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE!



MEANWHILE, RICHARD HAD RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...

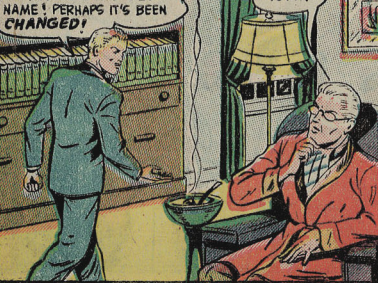
NANCY'S...GONE! HE'S MADE OFF WITH HER! I'VE...I'VE GOT TO TRACK HIM DOWN...NOW MORE THAN EVER...DEVIL'S RETREAT! WHERE CAN IT BE?



AT THE HOME OF A NOTED LOCAL GEOGRAPHER...

BUT THERE **MUST** BE AN ISLAND AROUND NEW YORK NAMED **DEVIL'S RETREAT!**...SAY! PERHAPS THAT'S THE **OLD** NAME! PERHAPS IT'S BEEN **CHANGED!**

HMMMMM! BETTER LET ME GET OUT SOME OLD MAPS OF NEW YORK!



GREAT GUNS! THERE IT IS...OFF THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND! **DEVIL'S RETREAT!** NOW IT'S KNOWN AS CANNON ISLAND... PRIVATELY OWNED BY THE MASON FAMILY! THEY HAVE A SUMMER PLACE THERE!

CANNON ISLAND! THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADING... **FAST!**



BUT THE HEAVY FOG AND UNFAMILIARITY WITH THE REGION SLOWED RICHARD'S PROGRESS! MUCH TIME HAD PASSED BEFORE HE BROUGHT HIS CAR TO A STOP AT A SMALL VILLAGE ON THE MAINLAND OPPOSITE CANNON ISLAND...



CAN I RENT A ROWBOAT, MISTER? I HAVE TO GET ACROSS TO THE ISLAND!

RECKON SO...WHAT'S GOIN' ON OVER THERE? MASON'S HAVIN' A PARTY? JEST HALF AN HOUR AGO, A MAN DRESSED UP LIKE A PIRATE TOOK A BOAT WITHOUT ASKIN' ANYONE AN' SET OUT FER CANNON, ROWIN' LIKE CRAZY! PURTY GAL WITH HIM! LOOKED SCARED, IF YOU ASK ME!



THE OLD MAN'S WORDS RANG IN RICHARD'S EARS AS HE ROWED RAPIDLY AWAY INTO THE FOG...

HALF AN HOUR! IF ONLY I'M IN TIME...



BUT WAS A RACE...A RACE FOR LIFE ITSELF! COULD HE REACH NANCY BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE...SAVE HER FROM THIS AWFUL BEING FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN... FINALLY...CANNON ISLAND!

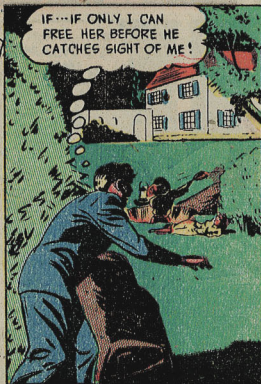


PLEASE...PLEASE... LET HER BE SAFE!



NO SIGN OF LIFE ANYWHERE...WAIT! THERE'S A LIGHT WAY DOWN THERE!

A LIGHT...FROM AN OLD LANTERN PLACED ON THE GROUND! AND IN ITS RAYS WAS NANCY, BOUND HAND AND FOOT! AND NEARBY, CAPTAIN CUTT WAS DIGGING...



IF...IF ONLY I CAN FREE HER BEFORE HE CATCHES SIGHT OF ME!



RICHARD!

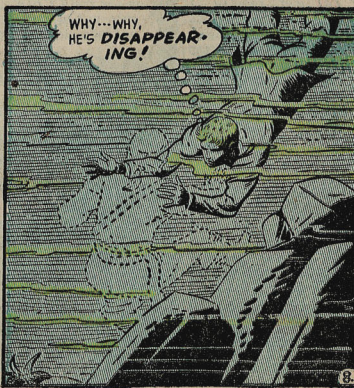
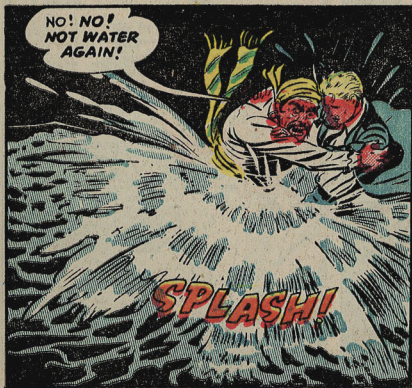
SHHHHHH!

BLAST IT! MY TREASURE'S GONE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!



RICHARD!
HE'S GOT A
DAGGER!

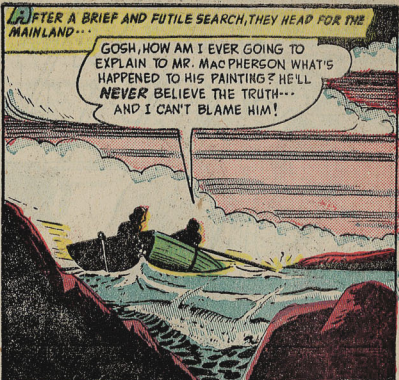
IT WAS AN UN-EQUAL COMBAT--
A MORTAL HUMAN,
PITTED AGAINST A
MIGHTY CREATURE
FROM A STRANGE
REALM! RICHARD
FOUGHT MADLY
AGAINST THE
FATAL DAGGER
... AND ...





RICHARD! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE! WHERE... WHERE'S CAPTAIN CUTT?

I DON'T KNOW! I HAD A TIGHT HOLD ON HIM BUT HE JUST SEEMED TO **VANISH!** AND HE DIDN'T COME TO THE SURFACE... HE MUST'VE DROWNED, NANCY!



AFTER A BRIEF AND FUTILE SEARCH, THEY HEAD FOR THE MAINLAND...

GOSH, HOW AM I EVER GOING TO EXPLAIN TO MR. MACPHERSON WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIS PAINTING? HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE THE TRUTH... AND I CAN'T BLAME HIM!



YES... HOW IS RICHARD GOING TO EXPLAIN? HE'D BETTER THINK FAST, BECAUSE UPON THEIR RETURN TO HIS STUDIO... THERE WAS MACPHERSON!



HAD TO GET YOUR REPORT ON THE PAINTING, MR. SMALL! IMPATIENT OLD COPPER, THAT'S ME, EH? IS IT A GENUINE KEEFER?



ER... WELL... YES... THAT IS...



IF YOU HAVEN'T FINISHED YOUR EXAMINATION, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I'LL JUST COME IN AND WAIT!



THERE'S NO STALLING HIM OFF... I'LL JUST HAVE TO FACE THE MUSIC! OH, BROTHER, HE'S GOING TO **SCREAM** WHEN HE SEES HIS PAINTING!



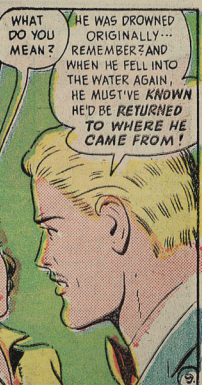
LOOK! HE... HE'S BACK IN THE PORTRAIT!

WELL, I'LL BE...!



WHATEVER COULD HAVE MADE THAT HAPPEN?

I DON'T KNOW... UNLESS... **SAY!** HE SEEMED TERRIFIED OF BEING PLUNGED INTO THE WATER! THAT MUST BE IT!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HE WAS DROWNED ORIGINALLY... REMEMBER? AND WHEN HE FELL INTO THE WATER AGAIN, HE MUST'VE **KNOWN** HE'D BE RETURNED TO WHERE HE CAME FROM!



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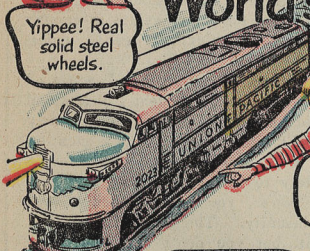
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MIND over MATTER

I WAS PACKING my bags for the return trip to the States when the door of my hotel suite in Bombay suddenly burst open...and Philip Byerly entered, his eyes aglow, looking very tense and exalted.

Phil and I had been lifelong friends, despite our constant arguments about our different philosophies and beliefs. As a psychiatrist, I had always held to the scientific view that there were no such things as "supernatural" phenomena... while as a delver into occult mysticism, Phil had always been convinced that the laws of magic and sorcery were as valid as, and even more powerful than, the laws of natural science. But no matter how heated our arguments became at times, we still remained the closest of friends...and I think we both would have *missed* our spirited hours of controversy had we been apart for any length of time.

So it was that Phil decided to accompany me to India that summer when I accepted the visiting professorship in psychiatry at Bombay University's School of Medicine. He took a summer's leave of absence from his job as curator of the Institute of Applied Occultology, and we had a fine old time of it on the plane trip to Bombay, arguing and rearguing over all the fine points of our radically different philosophies.

But then at Bombay, Phil decided to take advantage of his stay in India by going off into the remote interior to learn what he could of the mystical secrets of Yoga. And despite my protests that it would be a waste of his time, off he went. I neither saw him nor heard from him for three months...until he burst into my hotel room as I was packing my bags.

After the handshakes and greetings, I said, "Well, what did you find in the interior, Phil...gold? Why so excited and keyed up?"

His eyes glowed even more brightly than before...the look of a fanatic. He said triumphantly, "I found plenty, Hugh...I learned a secret of the Yogis that can make anything in the world *disappear*

And after three months of training by the Yogis in the exercise of my will to believe, I can make anything vanish...if I doubt that it actually exists! Watch...I don't believe that the chandelier on the ceiling exists...!"

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed involuntarily, staring at the spot where the chandelier had been. *It was there no longer!*

"See?" Phil said triumphantly. "It's all a question of the will. The world exists for each man only insofar as he *believes* it exists. And if you train your will-power according to the Yogi methods, the slightest doubt that an object exists is enough to cause that object to *cease* existing!"

By this time, of course, I had recovered my composure...and I thought I understood what had happened. "You're only partly right, Phil," I said firmly. "It is a question of the will...and because you want so desperately to believe that you have this godlike power, you've developed a temporary insanity. The chandelier exists, all right...but you don't see it because you don't *want* to see it, because your psychosis makes you *blind* to it!"

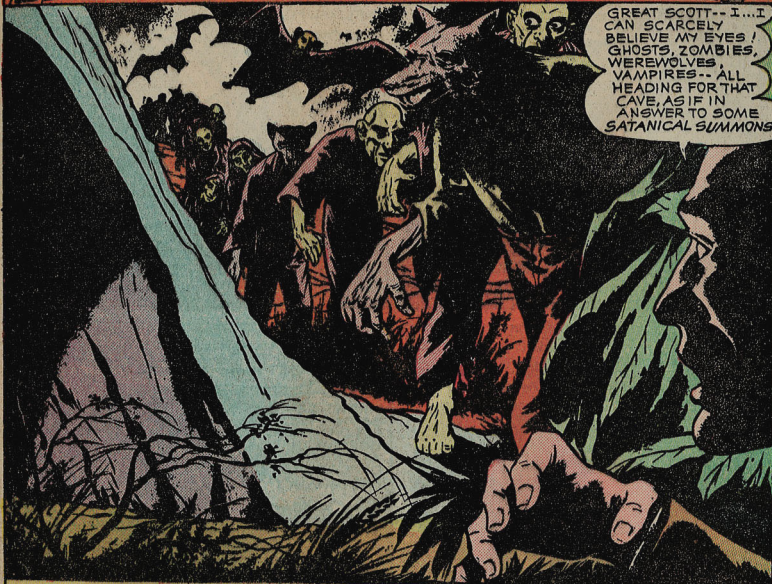
"But *look up there!*" Phil shouted. "You don't see it, do you?"

"No, I don't," I admitted. "But that's only because your hallucination is so strong that it's affected me...and if there were others in this room, it would be a case of mass hallucination. In psychiatry, it's known as *folie a deux*, where one person temporarily catches the hallucinations of a psychotic. And I'll give you an argument to *prove* that you can't be right. If what you say is true, then nothing in the world really exists...not even you!"

A look of bewilderment and doubt grew on Phil's face. "I...I never thought of that," he said. "Maybe I *don't* really ex..."

Before my eyes, Phil suddenly vanished, seemingly right out of this world. I never saw him again...and I don't think I ever will.

ASSAULT from the UNKNOWN



GREAT SCOTT-- I... I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE MY EYES! GHOSTS, ZOMBIES, WEREWOLVES, VAMPIRES-- ALL HEADING FOR THAT CAVE, AS IF IN ANSWER TO SOME SATANICAL SUMMONS!

YOU DON'T KNOW ME BY NAME, READER, BUT WE'VE MET MANY TIMES BEFORE-- IN THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE! YES, I'M ALAN HARTWOOD, DELVER INTO THE SUPERNATURAL-- AND CHIEF WRITER FOR ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN! AND THIS IS THE MOST STARTLING STORY I'VE EVER WRITTEN-- AN ACCOUNT OF A FIENDISH PLOT, A MONSTROUS ASSAULT FROM THE UNKNOWN AGAINST THIS VERY MAGAZINE! I GOT MY FIRST HINT OF THE PLOT ON A GLOOMY, MIST-SHROUDED MOUNTAIN-TOP HIGH IN THE ADIRONDACKS...



WE COME, O MASTER--
WHAT IS THY WISH?



"MASTER"-- THE ONLY MASTER COMMON TO ALL THESE CREEPS IS SATAN HIMSELF! AND IF HE CALLED THIS CONVENTION, THEN SOMETHING REALLY BIG MUST BE COOKING-- SOMETHING THAT I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT!

"WITHIN A HUGE, HOLLOWED-OUT AMPHITHEATRE..."

WELCOME, O LEGION OF DEMONS! I HAVE SUMMONED YOU BECAUSE EVERY CREATURE IN THE REALM OF THE SUPERNATURAL IS IN GREAT DANGER FROM THE EXPOSES OF THAT CRUSAIDING MAGAZINE, "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN"!



DANGER, I SAY-- FOR IT HAS REVEALED TOO MANY OF OUR PRECIOUS SECRETS, WHILE TEACHING HUMANS HOW TO COMBAT SUPERNATURAL FORCES!

YOU SPEAK TRULY, MASTER! THERE IS SCARCELY A SAFE LOCALITY LEFT FOR US TO ATTACK!

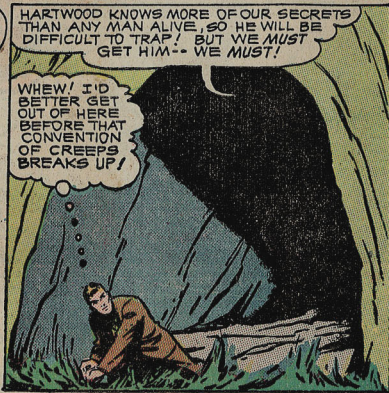


WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! MY PLAN CALLS FOR A DIRECT ATTACK ON "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN"! WE MUST TERRORIZE ITS KEY PERSONNEL-- AND ABOVE ALL, EXTERMINATE ALAN HARTWOOD, ITS CHIEF WRITER!

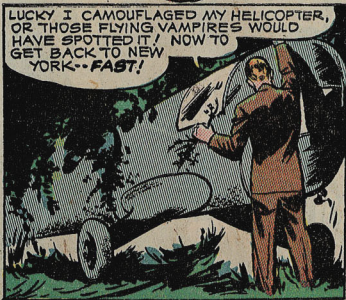


HARTWOOD KNOWS MORE OF OUR SECRETS THAN ANY MAN ALIVE, SO HE WILL BE DIFFICULT TO TRAP! BUT WE MUST GET HIM-- WE MUST!

WHEW! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT CONVENTION OF CREEPS BREAKS UP!



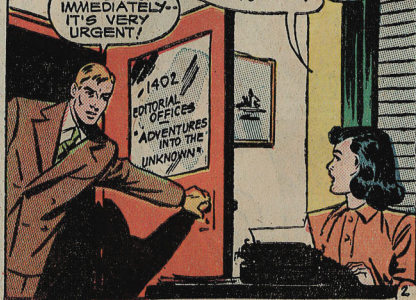
LUCKY I CAMOUFLAGED MY HELICOPTER, OR THOSE FLYING VAMPIRES WOULD HAVE SPOTTED IT! NOW TO GET BACK TO NEW YORK-- FAST!



"HOURS LATER..."

HI, NORA-- I'VE GOT TO SEE THE EDITOR IMMEDIATELY-- IT'S VERY URGENT!

I'M SORRY, MR. HARTWOOD-- HE'S IN CONFERENCE AT THE MOMENT! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT!



"I WAITED, BUT GRINNED AS I HEARD THE VOICES COMING FROM THE INNER EDITORIAL SANCTUM--AND I COULD BASILY IMAGINE WHAT WAS GOING ON INSIDE..."

BUT CHIEF, IT'S THE HONEST TRUTH--NONE OF US HAS BEEN ABLE TO DIG UP A LEAD ON ANY GHOST, VAMPIRE, ZOMBIE, OR WEREWOLF LATELY!

I DON'T NEED EXCUSES-- I NEED STORIES! I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU DIG 'EM UP BUT GET 'EM IN FAST-- AND THEY'D BETTER BE GOOD!

HARTWOOD! WHERE THE DEVIL HAVE YOU BEEN? WITH THE DEVIL, CHIEF-- BUT LITERALLY! I INTERCEPTED A SATANIC MESSAGE THAT SUMMONED THE MOST FIENDISH DENIZENS OF THE UNKNOWN TO A MEETING IN A SECRET CAVE IN THE ADIROINDACKS-- AND I WENT THERE, TOO! I LEARNED THAT ALL THOSE GOULS ARE OUT TO DESTROY YOUR MAGAZINE! THE LIFE OF EVERYONE WORKING HERE IS IN DEADLY PERIL!



LOOK, HARTWOOD, I KNOW YOU'RE ONE OF THE WORLD'S LEADING AUTHORITIES ON THE SUPERNATURAL-- BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT PIPEDREAM! WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT THAT YOU COULDN'T GET ANY ACTUAL LEADS, SO YOU JUST COOKED THIS YARN UP OUT OF YOUR OWN HEAD AND--

BUT I DIDN'T-- IT'S TRUE!

BETTER SKIP IT! I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE MY TEMPER!

WELL, YOU'LL FIND OUT THE TRUTH SOON ENOUGH--WHEN THEY COME TO GET YOU! REMEMBER-- I WARNED YOU! AND NOW ALL I CAN DO IS TRY TO PROTECT THE OTHERS IN THE OFFICE!



"AS I STALKED OUT ANGRILY, MY EYE WAS CAUGHT BY PRETTY NORA COLE-- AND THE THOUGHT CAME TO ME THAT SHE, TOO, WAS IN DANGER..."

I COULDN'T STAND IT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HER! BUT HOW CAN I BEST PROTECT HER?

WHY I'D LOVE TO... ALAN!

SAY, NORA, HOW ABOUT HAVING DINNER WITH ME TONIGHT?

LISTEN, NORA-- I'M GOING TO MAKE A VERY ODD REQUEST! I WANT YOU TO TAKE THE POWDER INSIDE THIS POUCH-- AND SPREAD IT AROUND YOUR BED IN A CIRCLE BEFORE YOU GO TO SLEEP TONIGHT!

BUT... BUT WHY? WHAT ON EARTH IS IT?



IT'S A SPECIAL MIXTURE OF HEMLOCK, ACONITE, AND POWDERED SILVER-- THE MOST EFFECTIVE KNOWN SUBSTANCE TO KEEP SUPER-NATURAL FORCES AWAY, BECAUSE ITS CERTAIN ANNIHILATION FOR ANY OF THEM TO STEP INTO A CIRCLE MADE OF THAT POWDER! I ALWAYS KEEP A SUPPLY WITH ME-- AND I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'LL BE NEEDING IT, TOO!

WHY THAT'S RIDICULOUS, ALAN-- BUT I'LL DO AS YOU SAY IF YOU TAKE ME OUT DANCING! I'VE BEEN DYING TO GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER!

"I TOOK NORA OUT, OF COURSE-- AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A WONDERFUL EVENING IF I HADN'T BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT WHERE AND WHEN THE LEGION OF DEMONS WOULD STRIKE FIRST! TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, I DROVE PAST OUR OFFICE BUILDING..."

LOOK-- THAT LIGHT ON THE 14TH FLOOR-- THAT'S OUR OFFICE! AND NO ONE EVER WORKS THIS LATE!

SOMEONE PROBABLY LEFT THE LIGHTS ON! IF THE BUILDING'S OPEN, I'LL GO UP AND TURN THEM OUT!

IT'S LOCKED! THAT MEANS IF ANYONE OR ANYTHING IS UP THERE, IT HAD TO FLY UP! AND THAT TELLS ME HOW I'M GOING TO GET IN! BUT I CAN'T LET NORA IN ON THIS!

IT'S LOCKED-- I MIGHT AS WELL FORGET ABOUT IT AND TAKE YOU HOME!

ALL RIGHT, ALAN!

AFTER TAKING NORA HOME, I RACED OUT TO THE EAST RIVER DOCK WHERE MY HELICOPTER-SEAPLANE WAS ANCHORED-- AND WAS SOON FLYING BETWEEN THE CANYON-LIKE WALLS OF THE SKYSCRAPERS! THEN, HOVERING OUTSIDE THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!...'

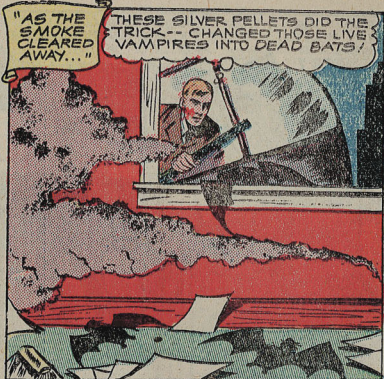
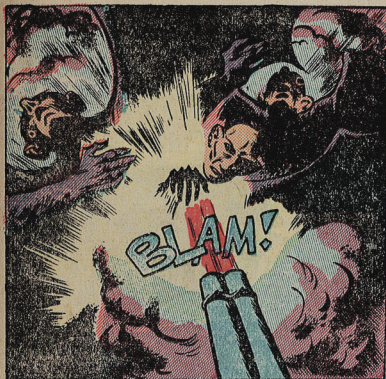
HOLY SMOKE-- VAMPIRES-- TEARING THE PLACE APART!

ALL RIGHT-- I'M READY TO GET THE FIRE!

LOOK-- A HELICOPTER OUTSIDE THE WINDOW! WE'RE DISCOVERED!

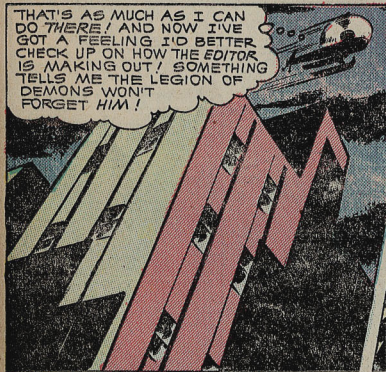
GET HIM-- KILL HIM!

THEY CAN OUTFLY THIS CRATE! ONLY ONE THING CAN STOP THEM-- A SHOTGUN FILLED WITH SILVER PELLETS-- AND THAT'S SOMETHING I ALWAYS CARRY IN THE PLANE FOR EMERGENCIES LIKE THIS!

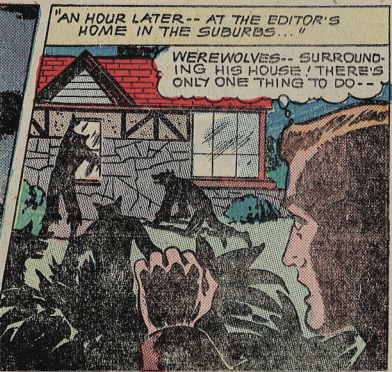


"AS THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY..."

THESE SILVER PELLETS DID THE TRICK-- CHANGED THOSE LIVE VAMPIRES INTO DEAD BATS!



THAT'S AS MUCH AS I CAN DO THERE! AND NOW I'VE GOT A FEELING I'D BETTER CHECK UP ON HOW THE EDITOR IS MAKING OUT! SOMETHING TELLS ME THE LEGION OF DEMONS WON'T FORGET HIM!



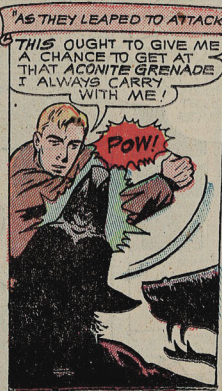
"AN HOUR LATER-- AT THE EDITOR'S HOME IN THE SUBURBS..."

WEREWOLVES-- SURROUNDING HIS HOUSE! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO--



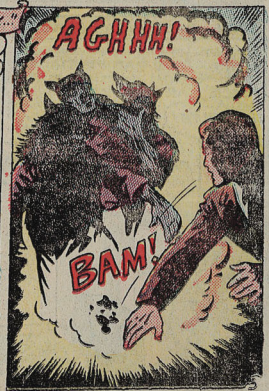
STOP-- I'M THE ONE YOU REALLY WANT! I'M ALAN HARTWOOD!

HARTWOOD-- AT LAST!



"AS THEY LEAPED TO ATTACK..."

THIS OUGHT TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET AT THAT ACONITE GRENADE I ALWAYS CARRY WITH ME!



AGHHH!

BAM!

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE-- WHO'S OUT THERE?

DON'T SHOOT-- IT'S ALAN HARTWOOD! COME ON OVER HERE AND LOOK AT THIS!



DEAD WOLVES!

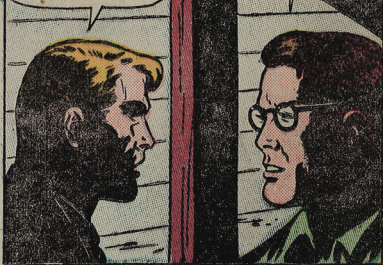
DEADLY WEREWOLVES JUST A MINUTE AGO! I CAME HERE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, AND FOUND THEM ON THE VERGE OF BREAKING INTO YOUR HOUSE TO KILL YOU! I LURED THEM AWAY, AND THEN POLISHED THEM OFF WITH A GRENADE MADE OF ACONITE-- OTHERWISE KNOWN AS WOLF'S BANE!



HARTWOOD, YOUR MIND MUST HAVE BEEN WARPED BY THE SUPERNATURAL STORIES YOU'VE BEEN TURNING OUT IF YOU THINK I'LL FALL FOR A PRANK LIKE THIS! THROWING STUFFED WOLVES ONTO MY LAWN TO TRY TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THAT MANIACAL STORY ABOUT SATAN'S LEGION OF DEMONS! BUT IT WON'T WORK!

YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE ME, EH? WELL, COME ON UP TO YOUR OFFICE WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT WILL CONVINCE YOU!

AT THE OFFICE? SO HELP ME, HARTWOOD, IF YOU'VE PULLED ANY STUNT THERE, I'LL TEAR YOUR LIMB FROM LIMB!



SOON-- BACK IN THE OFFICE--

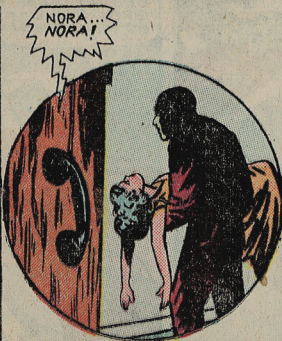
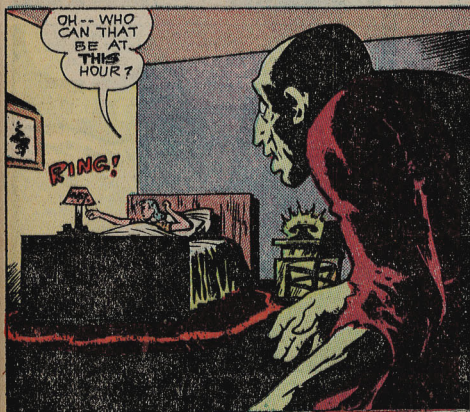
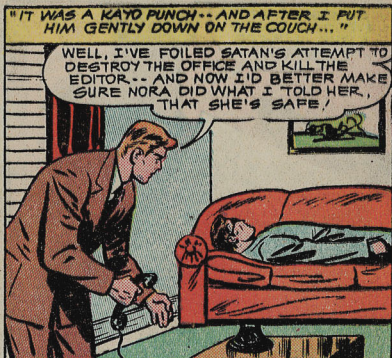
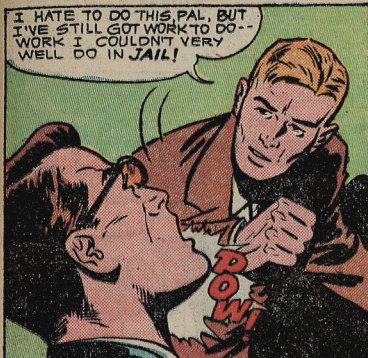
GREAT SCOTT-- THE PLACE IS A SHAMBLES!

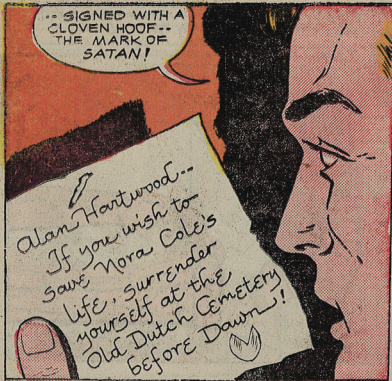
IT WOULD'VE BEEN A LOT WORSE IF I HADN'T STOPPED THE VAMPIRES FROM SETTING FIRE TO IT! THERE ARE THEIR REMAINS NEAR THE WINDOW! THEY'RE JUST ORDINARY DEAD BATS NOW, BECAUSE--

DON'T GIVE ME THAT BALONEY! YOU USED YOUR HELICOPTER TO LAND ON THE ROOF, THEN LOWERED YOURSELF BY ROPE TO THE WINDOW, BROKE IN WITH A SACKFUL OF DEAD BATS-- AND THEN DID THE DIRTY WORK YOURSELF! I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE AND HAVE YOU LOCKED UP AS A DANGEROUS MADMAN!

NO--YOU WON'T--



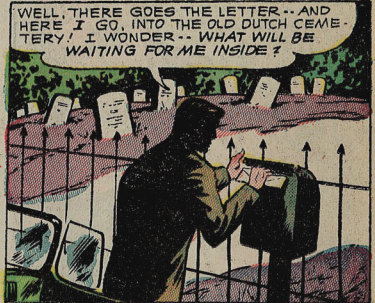




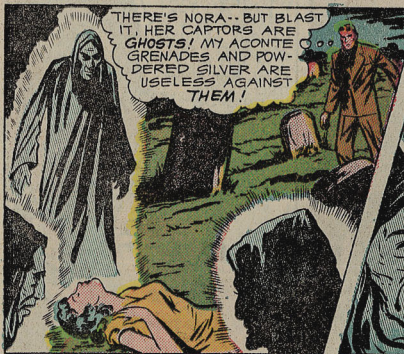
-- SIGNED WITH A CLOVEN HOOF-- THE MARK OF SATAN!

Alan Hartwood--
If you wish to
save Nora Cole's
life, surrender
yourself at the
Old Dutch Cemetery
before Dawn!

"I HAD NO CHOICE-- I HAD TO SAVE NORA'S LIFE! BUT LUCKILY, THERE WAS STILL ENOUGH TIME BEFORE DAWN TO WRITE A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN', EXPLAINING ALL..."



WELL, THERE GOES THE LETTER-- AND HERE I GO, INTO THE OLD DUTCH CEMETERY! I WONDER-- WHAT WILL BE WAITING FOR ME INSIDE?



THERE'S NORA-- BUT BLAST IT, HER CAPTORS ARE GHOSTS! MY ACONITE GRENADES AND POWDERED SILVER ARE USELESS AGAINST THEM!



COME-- SATAN AWAITS YOU, ALAN HARTWOOD! AFTER YOU LEAVE WITH US, THE GIRL WILL REVIVE AND BE SAFE!

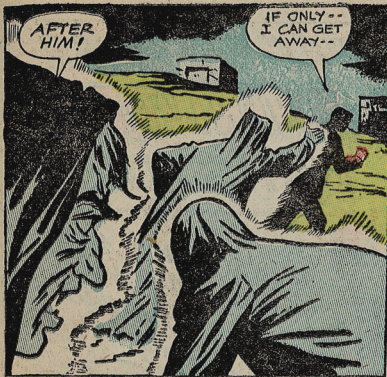
OKAY, LET'S GET GOING, GHOULS!



I-- I'VE DONE WHAT I HAD TO-- NORA'S FREE OF THEM NOW! AND AS FOR ME--



-- I'LL TAKE MY LAST CHANCE! YOU CREEPS BELONG UNDER A GRAVESTONE -- SO HERE GOES!



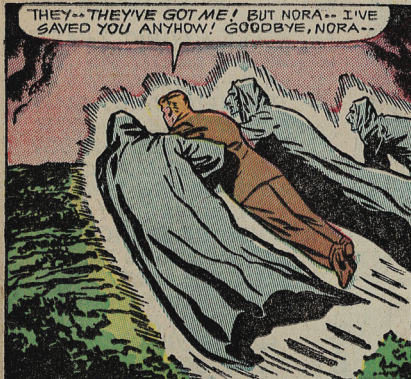
AFTER HIM!

IF ONLY-- I CAN GET AWAY--

*BUT GHOSTS CAN MOVE FAR MORE SWIFTLY THAN HUMANS-- AND THE INEVITABLE OCCURRED! I WAS TRAPPED-- BY COLD AND HIDEOUS HANDS!!



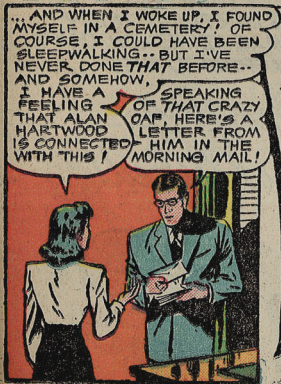
COME -- AWAY WITH HIM!



THEY--THEY'VE GOT ME! BUT NORA-- I'VE SAVED YOU ANYHOW! GOODBYE, NORA--



OHH-- WHERE... WHERE AM I -- AND HOW... DID I GET HERE?



... AND WHEN I WOKE UP, I FOUND MYSELF IN A CEMETERY! OF COURSE, I COULD HAVE BEEN SLEEPWALKING-- BUT I'VE NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE-- AND SOMEHOW, I HAVE A FEELING THAT ALAN HARTWOOD IS CONNECTED WITH THIS!

SPEAKING OF THAT CRAZY OAF, HERE'S A LETTER FROM HIM IN THE MORNING MAIL!

...and if I don't come back, you'll know I gave my life to save Nora's! You'll hear from me again-- because I've learned so many secrets of the Spirit world, I'm writing for "adventures into the unknown," that I'm sure I can become a Ghost Writer!

Just make sure you leave a fresh supply of paper near the office typewriter at night... and I'll continue to write stories of the Supernatural from the world of the Supernatural!

Alan



I... I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT ALL-- BUT I'LL FOLLOW OUT ALAN'S WISHES! WHO KNOWS-- MAYBE "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN" WILL START TO PRINT STORIES THAT ARE REALLY OUT OF THIS WORLD!

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of **HISTORY!**



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UNCANNY MYSTERIES

PHYSICIAN for PHANTOMS

ONE OF THE STRANGEST TALES IN THE ANNALS OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IS THAT OF DR. KARL HENDERSON OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA--
SELF-APPOINTED PHYSICIAN FOR PHANTOMS!

IN THE EARLY 1850'S, YOUNG DR. HENDERSON ACHIEVED THE REPUTATION OF BEING A SURGEON OF UNCANNY SKILL...

THERE! THE OPERATION IS COMPLETE--
THE CHILD WILL LIVE!

INCREDIBLE! THE BOY'S HEART HAD STOPPED BEATING 20 MINUTES BEFORE YOU WENT TO WORK ON HIM! YOU... YOU'VE LITERALLY RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD, DR. HENDERSON!



BUT DR. HENDERSON'S REAL INTEREST IN RAISING PEOPLE FROM THE DEAD BEGAN THE RAINY DAY WHEN HE WATCHED BODIES BEING EXHUMED FROM A SMALL GRAVEYARD THAT HAD BEEN FLOODED BY HEAVY RAIN AND HIGH TIDES...

THE DOCTOR BEGAN HIS RESEARCHES INTO DEATH-- AND IN AN ADDRESS TO THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ON NOVEMBER 10TH, 1853...

THE DEAD ARE NOT ASLEEP-- THEY DO NOT REST! THE AIR ABOUT US THROGS WITH THEIR SPIRITS! THOUGH WE CONSIGN THE BODY TO THE EARTH, THERE STILL PERSIST VOLATILE ESSENCES WHICH REMAIN TO WANDER THROUGH THE DRIFTING VAPORS OF THE NIGHT!

THE UNRESTING DEAD RETURN! THEN NIGHT WANES, THE COCKS CROW-- AND BACK TO THE GRAVE THEY GO! WHATEVER HAS ONCE HAD LIFE HAS LIFE FOREVER! THE DEAD ARE HELPLESS-- THEY CANNOT RECALL THEMSELVES, NOR RISE OF THEIR OWN VOLITION! BUT BY THE POWER OF IMPERIOUS WILL, THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD MAY BE RECALLED!

THERE ARE MANY PHYSICIANS FOR THE LIVING, BUT NONE WHATEVER FOR THE DEAD! MAYBE-- I COULD USE MY KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL TO COMFORT THOSE WHO LIE IN MISERY, MOLDERING IN THE GRAVE!



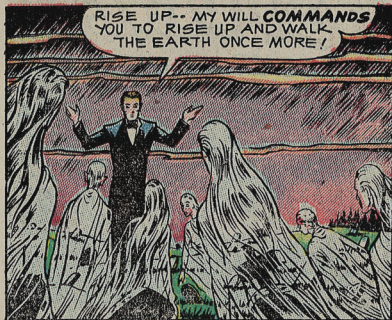
HA-HA!

WHAT NONSENSE!

THE MAN'S MAD!

MOCKED AT FOR HIS RADICAL VIEWS, THE DOCTOR THENCEFORTH REFUSED TO TREAT ANY LIVING PATIENTS-- BUT SOUGHT HIS PATIENTS AMONG ABANDONED GRAVEYARDS...

THEN, ONE MARCH NIGHT, THE DOCTOR FOUND ONE GRAVE WHOSE UTTER DECAY MADE HIS HEART HEAVY WITH SORROW...



RISE UP-- MY WILL **COMMANDS** YOU TO RISE UP AND WALK THE EARTH ONCE MORE!



POOR SPIRIT-- WAS THERE NO ONE WHO LOVED YOU ENOUGH TO TEND YOUR GRAVE? IS THERE NO ONE IN THIS WORLD YOU WISH TO RISE UP AND SEE?

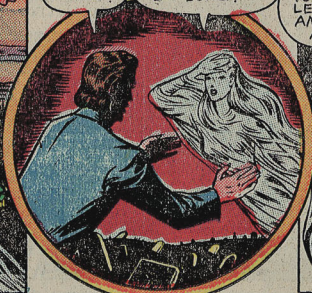
AS IF IN RESPONSE TO HIS WORDS...
GREAT SCOTT-- SHE HEARD ME! AND SHE'S **BEAUTIFUL**-- THE LOVELIEST BEING I'VE EVER SEEN!



WHO ARE YOU-- WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

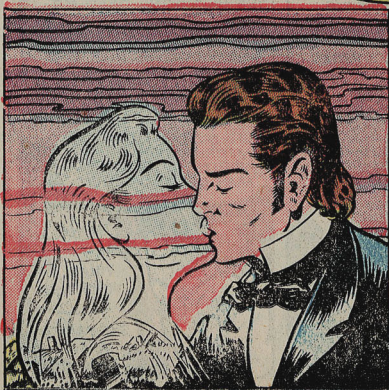
I DON'T KNOW-- I THINK THE STONE ABOVE MY GRAVE SAID "HELEN"-- BUT-- IT'S BEEN SO LONG!

HIS HEART WRACKED WITH PITY AND LOVE, THE DOCTOR REACHED OUT, CAUGHT THE GHOST'S HAND...



YOUR TOUCH IS **WARM**-- YOU'RE **ALIVE**! YOU MUST LET ME GO-- I AM NAUGHT BUT A SPIRIT!

A SPIRIT THAT HAS CAPTURED MY HEART!



WHEN THE COCKS BEGAN CROWING IN THE FIRST FAINT LIGHT OF DAWN...

STAY-- DO NOT LEAVE ME! I **LOVE** YOU!

I MUST RETURN TO MY GRAVE BEFORE THE SUN'S RAYS STRIKE ME--- OR ELSE I WILL PERISH ALTOGETHER! FAREWELL-- UNTIL MIDNIGHT TOMORROW...



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, THE STRANGE PAIR MET!
AND ONE DAWN, THE DOCTOR SWORE SHE
WOULD NEVER LEAVE HIM AGAIN...

THE SUN WILL
BE UP IN A
FEW MINUTES--
LET ME GO!

NEVER! WE HAVE SNATCHED
THESE FEW HOURS FROM
DEATH-- AND NOW WE WILL
CHEAT HIM FOREVER! MY
LOVE WILL KEEP YOU
ALIVE-- WE WILL NEVER
BE PARTED AGAIN!



THE SUN--
MY SPIRIT
DIES--
OHhhh!

HELEN!



SHE... SHE'S GONE!
EVEN HER GOWN HAS
CRUMBLLED TO DUST
IN MY HANDS!



I AM TO BLAME! I SHOULD
HAVE LET HER RETURN WHILE
THERE WAS STILL TIME-- BUT
I SWEAR THAT I WILL CALL
HER SPIRIT BACK-- THAT
SHE WILL RETURN AND
BE MINE FOREVER!



THE DOCTOR LOCKED HIMSELF
UP IN HIS HOUSE AND BEGAN
HIS STRANGE RESEARCHES
INTO THE MYSTERIES OF DEATH!
AND WHEN STRANGE SOUNDS
WERE HEARD COMING FROM
THE HOUSE, CONSTABLES
BROKE IN...

LET ME--
RETURN
TO MY
GRAVE!

THAT... THAT'S
A GIRL'S
VOICE!



INSIDE THE HOUSE...

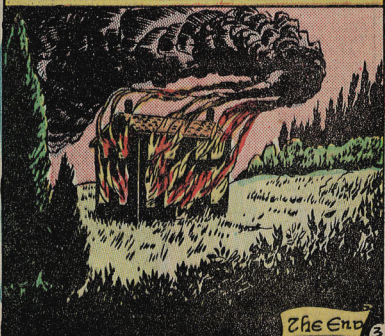
A COFFIN--
AND A GIRL
INSIDE! IS...
IS SHE DEAD
OR ALIVE?

YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW-- YOU'LL
NEVER TAKE
HER FROM
ME!

LOOK OUT--
HE'S
SETTING
FIRE
TO THE
HOUSE!



THE CONSTABLES ESCAPED, BUT THE HOUSE
WAS CONSUMED TO ASHES-- ALONG WITH
THE PHYSICIAN FOR PHANTOMS!



The End 3

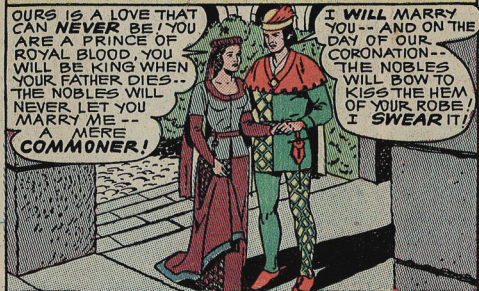
"TRUE" GHOSTS OF HISTORY

The QUEEN'S CADAVER

ONE OF THE MOST ILL-FATED LOVE MATCHES OF HISTORY WAS THAT BETWEEN PRINCE DOM PEDRO OF PORTUGAL AND THE LOVELY SERVANT GIRL, INEZ DE CASTRO, WHO FIRST MET IN THE AUTUMN OF 1350...

OURS IS A LOVE THAT CAN NEVER BE! YOU ARE A PRINCE OF ROYAL BLOOD, YOU WILL BE KING WHEN YOUR FATHER DIES-- THE NOBLES WILL NEVER LET YOU MARRY ME -- A MERE COMMONER!

I WILL MARRY YOU-- AND ON THE DAY OF OUR CORONATION-- THE NOBLES WILL BOW TO KISS THE HEM OF YOUR ROBE! I SWEAR IT!



THE PRINCE MARRIED INEZ THE FOLLOWING YEAR, DESPITE THE BITTER OPPOSITION OF HIS FATHER, ALFONSO THE PROUD, AND FROM THE NOBLES, WHO SWORE SECRETLY NEVER TO LET THEMSELVES BE RULED BY A COMMONER QUEEN...

ALFONSO IS ON HIS DEATH BED-- AND WHEN HE DIES, DOM PEDRO WILL BE KING-- AND HIS WIFE WILL BE QUEEN!

NEVER! WE MUST KILL HER BEFORE ALFONSO DIES!



THE NOBLES PLOTTED WELL-- AND AFTER LURING DOM PEDRO AWAY FROM THE ROYAL HUNTING LODGE ON THE RIVER QUITA, WHERE HE WAS STAYING WITH PRINCESS INEZ...

DIE-- COMMONER!

OH!!



WHEN DOM PEDRO RETURNED, HIS GRIEF AND WRATH KNEW NO BOUNDS! WHEN HE BECAME KING, HE FIRST EXECUTED THE NOBLES WHO HAD COMMITTED THE MURDER, AND THEN HAD THE SKELETON OF HIS WIFE EXHUMED! DRESSING IT IN THE CORONATION ROBES OF A QUEEN, THE NEW KING PROPPED IT UP ON THE THRONE -- AND MADE IT QUEEN FOR THE DAY!

I SWORE YOU WOULD BE QUEEN-- AND I SHALL FULFILL THAT OATH!

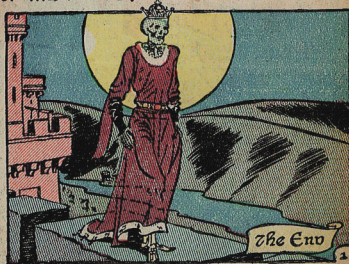


THEN FOLLOWED THE MOST MACABRE CORONATION SCENE IN HISTORY! FEARFUL OF THE WRATH OF THE NEW KING, NONE OF THE NOBLES DARED DISOBEY DOM PEDRO'S ORDER TO PAY GRISLY HOMAGE TO THE QUEEN'S BODY!

BOW DOWN TO YOUR QUEEN -- BOW DOWN AND KISS THE HEM OF HER CORONATION ROBE!



EVER SINCE THEN, A GHOSTLY SKELETON DRESSED IN BEJEWELED CORONATION ROBES HAS BEEN SEEN TO WALK ON THE RAMPARTS OF THE ROYAL HUNTING LODGE, AND ALSO IN THE CHAPEL OF THE PALACE OF THE KINGS, AT OPORTO, PORTUGAL!



The End

Draw me!



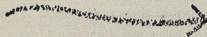
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Latest Winner List! Free course winners in previous contest—from list just released: Mrs. M. Freeman, 1620 St. Johns, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss T. Gregorowicz, 2553 S. Christiana, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. L. Faber, 736 Bayway, Elizabeth, N.J.; R. Knepelkamp, 25 Gräper, Pittsburgh, Penna.; B. Reynolds, Englewood, Tenn.

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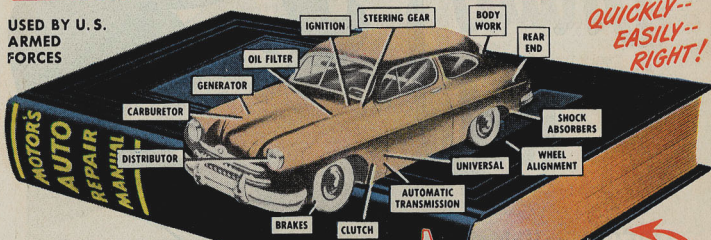
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